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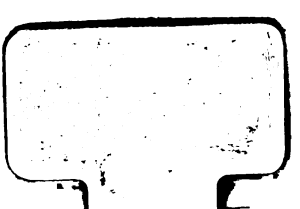


POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

ORIGINALS, and TRANSLATIONS.

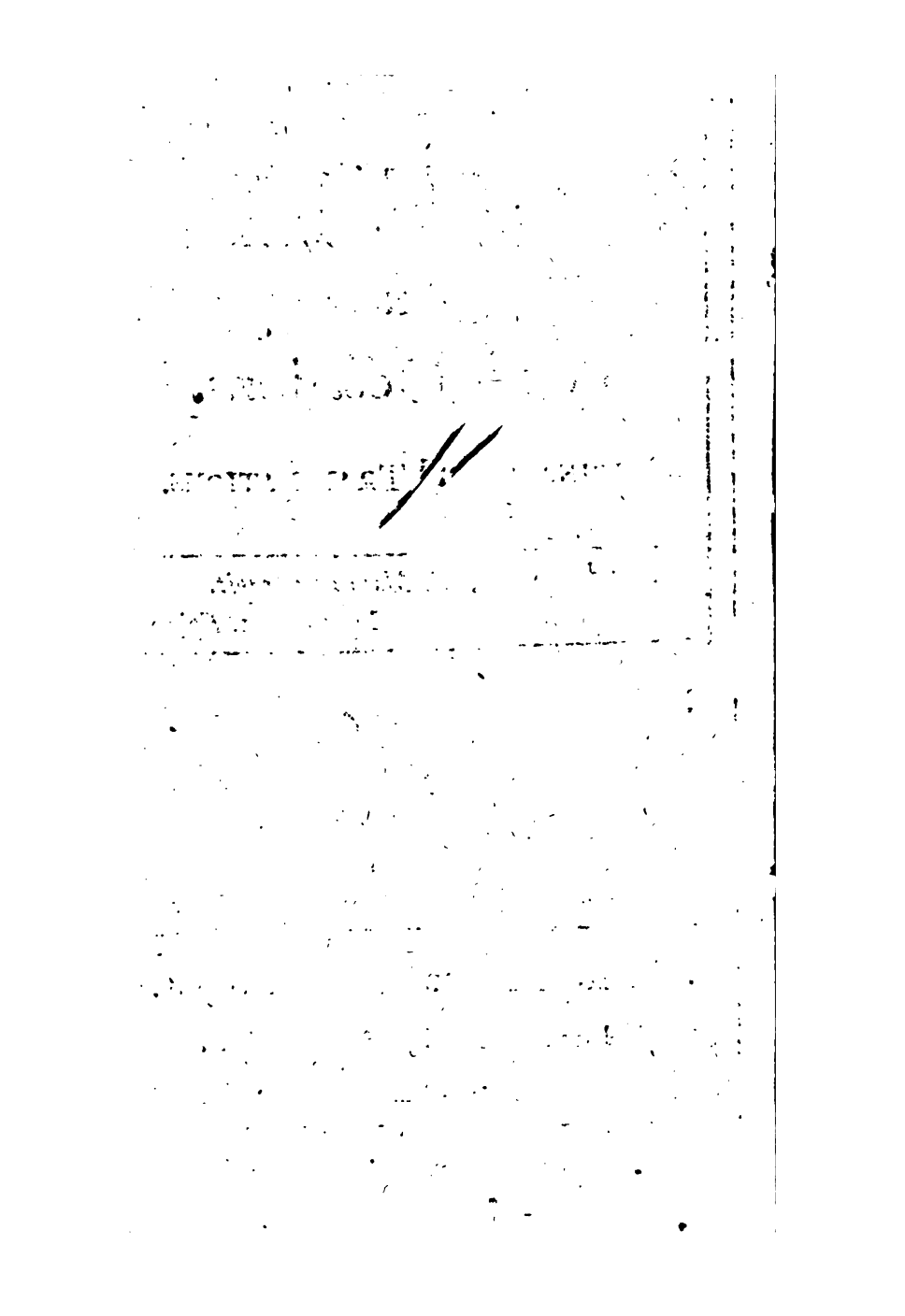
Scrinia da magnis; me Manus una capit.

Mart. *Lib.* 1. *Epig.* 3.

Printed in the Year 1694.

And are to be Sold by moſt Bookſellers.

280 n 405



A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

APOLLO and *DAPHNE*.

I.

Apollo. WHEN my Eye firſt gaz'd on thee,
Daphne, Brighter far than the;
Oh! ſo ſure was *Cupid*'s Dart,
Piercing my unwary Heart;
Blind, he All-ſeeing ſeem'd, but I
Seem'd blind with my All-ſeeing Eye.

II.

Daph. Pray, kind *Phœbus*, pray forbear,
You'le obtain no Favour here.
Chaſt *Diana* has my Vow,
Which I promis'd long ago:
To her I owe Virginity;
I can't thy Siſter pleaſe and Thee. *[She runs away.*

III.

Apollo. Why ſo ſwift? (I'me now I fear
Forc'd to chaſe this tim'rous Deer)
Would you like *Diana* ſeem,
Be the Huntreſs, not the Game.
Your light-feet ne're from me ſhall ſtray,
The World's my Circuit every day.

IV.

Daph. But you'le wounded halt, while I
Wing'd with untouch'd Chaſtity,
Cut through craggy Rocks and Dales,
Proudeſt Hills, and humbleſt Vales:
Till like *Prometheus* I aſpire,
And ſteal thy Swiftneſs, not thy Fire.

V.

Apollo. Yet there's one Reſerve in ſtore,
Which of Conqueſt is ſecure:
On my well-ſtrung Harp I'le Play
Sweeter than the *Thracian* Lay,
Which ſtole ev'n *Fury*'s Hearts away,
To tame Thee more Unkind than They.

VI.

Daph. Hence to *Jove*'s Abode repair,
Love ſome beauteous Goddeſs there.

Other

Other Flames Aſcend you ſee,
Why ſhould yours Deſcend to me?
Or elſe your Phyſick Druggs apply,
That you, like me, may Love defy.

VII.

Apollo. Why to Heaven ſhould I repair?
Alas! alas! my Heaven's here.
Why go Court ſome Deity?
Thou a Goddeſs art to me.
Why with my Druggs my Pains remove?
'Tis you alone can heal my Love.

VIII.

Daph. Well ſince then I can't be free,
Peneus, I reſign to Thee.
Thou my Father art, 'tis you
Gave me Life, you take it too.
Make me a Stock, a Tree, a Grove,
Object of any thing but Love.

IX.

Apollo. Be a Tree, or what you will,
You ſhall be my Miſtriſs ſtill;
For the richer Lawrel Crown
I'le reject a Golden one.

Thou ſhalt to *Rome* in Triumph ride,
Heroes thy Bride-groom, thou their Bride.

X.

Daph. I would ſooner, *Phœbus*, be
Wedded thus, than now to Thee:
Such a Wedding ſure will prove
My Denial, not my Love.
While Heroes Triumph over thoſe,
Who than themſelves are weaker Foes;
I'le o're a ſtronger Foe than me,
I'le ride in Triumph over Thee.

XI.

Chorus. Pity all ye Powers above,
Pity *Phœbus* Sick of Love:
Lo! his Wreath at once does tell,
Daphne's Change, and Love's Farewel.
From hence the Cuſtome firſt aroſe,
That *Willow-Green* baulkt Lovers choſe;
Who, *Phœbus*, catch at Love like thee,
And find their *Daphne* prove a Tree,
At leaſt a Ribband Green as ſhe.
In Black are other Mourners ſeen,
The wretched Lover mourns in Green.

CEPHALUS's *Lamentation for his Wife* PROCRIS, *being ignorantly Slain by him, as he was Hunting of wild Beaſts.*

WRetch that I am! who (tho' I know not how)
A Skillful Murderer from Huntſman grow.
What Fate my too unerring Dart miſ-led,
To ſtrike my better part, my *Procris* Dead?
Amongſt the Buſhes while ſhe lay unſeen,
A well-concealing, not defending Skreen,
I to the Hunter's Virgin-Goddeſs pray'd,
And little dreaming any Harm, I ſaid,
May'ſt thou, as I adore thy Sports and Thee,
Cauſe that my Darts ſo many Deaths may be:
She granted ſtraight, and by her Grant did prove,
A Friend to Hunters, but a Foe to Love.
Here the Effect of my Petitions ſee! *Points to the Dead Body.*
Petitions once, now Curſes are to me.
See how the Purple Gore defiles the Ground,
And bluſheth for the Author of her Wound!

See

His Speech drops Honey, but when prone to Rage,
In civil Broyls his Love-ſick Thoughts engage;
His ſharp and dang'rous Weapon is Deceit,
The Uſe of which, diſcreetly is to Cheat;
There Falſhood reigns: the Truth (if ought there be)
As far from Nakedneſs, as cloathing He.
The *Crocodiliſh* Youth himſelf betrays,
(O how when angry!) Cruel when he Plays.
His fine curl'd Locks adorn a ſawcy Face,
His Hairs are Golden, but his Cheeks are Braſs.
His Hands, tho' ſhort, can reach as far as Hell;
His Darts wound ev'n the Dead that therein dwell.
If you examine throughly, you will find,
His Body only Naked, not his Mind.
Swift, as a Bird, he flutters here and there;
In him Men ſometimes, ſometimes Women ſhare:
And when he does to each himſelf impart,
The Perch, whereon he Pitches, is the Heart.
Slender his Arrows, little is his Bow,
The Marks they ſhoot at Hell and Heaven too.
Like Bitterneſs inclos'd in Gilded Pill,
Rank poiſnous Shafts his Golden Quiver fill.
From which even I too oft a Wound receive,
A deeper Wound than *Diomedes* gave.

All

All things are Cruel, all, alas! the Sun
More by this Little borrow'd Heat out-done,
Than he exceeds his borrow'd Heat, the Moon.
If e're you catch him, bind him Hand and Foot,
And be as Mercileſs as he to boot:
Take heed leaſt he thy tender Heart beguile,
With Feigned Tears, or a more Feigned Smile.
Avoid his Kiſs, thoſe ſweeteſt Lips deſpiſe,
Under that Honey hidden Poiſon lies.
If he his whole Artillery produce,
Then ſtraight preſents it freely to your uſe,
No leſs his Weapons, than his Kiſs refuſe.
Reject his Gift, which if Men once acquire,
Like that of *Greece*, 'twill ſet a *Troy* on Fire.

Upon a BEE *Entomb'd in* Amber.

BEhold this happy Inſect's Tomb,
Not ſweet, but precious Honey-comb:
You'd think the Bee had brought it forth,
Alike in Colour, and in Worth.
Which to the view does repreſent,
A Murderer, and Monument.

I thought 'twas *Niobe* alone,
Whom Moiſture harden'd into Stone:
But now the weeping Gem I ſee,
Transforms at once it ſelf and Bee:
Since to Beholders each does ſeem,
The Gem a Bee, the Bee a Gem.

The Pyramids in *Ægypt*'s Land,
Aſtoniſhment from all command:
Yet, happy Inſect, happy thou,
A leſſer, but a better Show;
The Pyramids would envy me,
Should I be thus Entomb'd like thee.

Thou with *Meduſa* may'ſt compare,
Whoſe Viperous enchanted Hair,
Turn'd all Spectators into Stone,
Conqueſt and Trophy both in one;
But thou excelleſt her in this,
Thy ſelf at once *Meduſa* is,
Thy ſelf the Metamorphoſis.

Nature has chang'd her uſual courſe,
But for the Better not the Worſe;
While Jewels ſprout from Poplar-Trees,
Theſe bring forth Jewels, Jewels Bees.
Thus whilſt the Bee through Amber ſhone,
With borrow'd Luſtre, not her own,

The

The Sight ſo dazling did appear,
You'd think both Bees, both Jewels were.
The Golden Beaſt, like *Bacchus* Crown,
Tranſlated to th'Æthereal Throne,
Does, as it were, refin'd appear,
Transform'd from Gold into a Star:
Congeal'd it lies in ſparkling Gem,
You'd ſwear 'twas froze to Death in Flame.
Entangled there it ſelf does ſhew,
A Labyrinth, and Monſter too.
What Freeman would not pay that Fee
Which Priſoners give for Liberty,
To ſhare in this Captivity.
The little Debtor (ſhe, you know,
To Amber does this Yellow owe)
Thither as to her Priſon came,
Her Debt and Priſon both the ſame.
A worthy, honourable Cheat!
Whoſe very Fetters made her Great:
For while ſhe mute in Thraldome lies,
Her buzzing Fame much ſwifter flies.
Tho' ſhe confin'd, to us may ſeem,
Within the Limits of a Gem,
She's in effect, by being thus,
Extended through the Univerſe:

And by her forc'd, yet willing ſtay,
Debar'd from Flying, flies away.

Whoſe Hive, not long ſince, Thatcht we ſaw,
Like *Rome*'s old Capitol, with Straw;
She now in nobler Structure dwells,
Which *Rome*'s new Capitol excells.

Thou worthy Nurſe of mighty *Jove*,
Supreme o're all the Gods above;
Tell me, thou Inſect, tell me why,
When Harlots mounted to the Sky,
He did not thus thy Pains repay,
Deſerving Heaven more than they?
But lo! I ſee thy proud Diſdain
Has rendred Deifying vain.
So rich, ſo glorious thy Attire,
A radiant, not a burning Fire;
That all thoſe Lamps which grace the Sky,
Are ſeen Unenvy'd by thy Eye.
'Twere Injury to fix thee there,
A brighter Conſtellation here.
Such is the dazling Garb ſhe wears,
Such Honour from that Garb ſhe bears,
That tho' her *Jove* be cloath'd with Rays
Immortal, and immortal Praiſe;

'Tis

'Tis doubtful which does moſt confer,
The Bee on *Jove*, or *Jove* on her:
While ſhe her ſelf does repreſent,
As if to give the God, ſhe meant,
Honour, inſtead of Nutriment.

Proud Animal! 'tis mere Self-love,
Which makes thee like *Narciſſus* prove;
Who view'd himſelf in Chryſtal Streams,
And, as he view'd, thence gather'd Flames:
In liquid Gum you clearer ſhine,
Others to Envy you incline,
Whilſt you your ſelf for Love repine.

True Looking-glaſs, wherein we view,
Not only Form, but Matter too.
The Eyes, which view this glorious Bee,
Are held almoſt as faſt as ſhe:
For while they gaze, in one, they view
Artificer, and Image too.
'Twas heedleſsneſs this Artiſt taught,
Exact the Figure, yet not wrought;
Whom like *Sejanus* here we ſee,
Too truly ſlain in Effigy.

Fair *Phaethuſa* (Stories ſhew)
A Poplar-tree by Weeping grew;

Weep-

The cauſe whereby (as Stories tell)
So High he ſoar'd, ſo Deep he fell.
Yet thee much Happier I eſteem,
Not over-whelm'd, tho' drown'd like him:
Thou more conſpicuous doſt appear
Than others above Water are,
Thy very Cov'ring makes thee clear.
Thou need'ſt not ſignalize thy Grave,
With any ſpecious Epitaph,
Thy Corps is ſo tranſparent ſeen
In Golden Characters within.
Thus Death, which never grants Reprieve,
Is here made Life's Preſervative.
The dark Receſſes of the Tomb,
Become a pleaſant, lightſome Room.
Th'unnatural, but honeſt Grave,
From a Devourer, chang'd to ſave;
In Juſtice does its Debt repay,
And give the Life it takes away.
Thy Dipping *Thetis* has out-done,
Who ſtrove to Eternize her Son;
Bathing him in the *Stygian* Lake,
That he might ne're of *Styx* partake.
Thou that effectually doſt gain,
For which ſhe Dipt, but dipt in vain.

The

She little thinking e're to yield,
Securely Plunder'd all the Field;
For which ſhe now in Chains muſt ſtay,
Chains richer than her former Prey.
Flowers, too weak to captive Bees,
Aſſiſtance crave from neighbour Trees;
Till they that were oppreſt before,
Retort the Dammage once they bore:
But Oh! 'tis thus, they add the more,
And, to deprive, increaſe the Store.

The cruel *Nero*, who (ſays Fame)
Rome doubly Dy'd in Blood and Flame,
Erected no ſuch noble Throne;
No, tho' he built a Golden One,
As that wherein this Tyrant ſhone.
Moſt radiant, moſt illuſtrious Bee,
I'll to the *Phœnix* liken thee,
In Death as rare, as bright as She;
Tho' She to *Phœbus* owe his Night,
Extinguiſh'd by the Beams of Light;
Tho' thou a diſtant Fate doſt bear,
Drown'd in the Deluge of a Tear.

Thy waxen Wings the Fate has ſought,
Which thoſe of *Icarus* once brought;

On a Beggar *Inſulting over a* Rich-Man's *Grave.*

I'Le of my Rags and low Condition boaſt,
Since Robes of Honour are confin'd to Duſt:
The Rich in Graves beneath my ſelf I'le ſcorn,
Rejoice at that which makes all others Mourn.
The Dunghil-Cock may well the Gem deſpiſe,
When wrap'd in Dung it undiſtinguiſht lies.
But he's Embalm'd you ſay, while filthy I
Am quite conſum'd with Vermine e're I dye:
Without Perfumes, Oh! may I ever dwell,
Whoſe very ſweets increaſe a nauſeous ſmell;
Conſpiring ſweets, in time, with double Scent
Deſtroy the Odour which before they lent:
The Grave it ſelf can't equal all, ſince there
They lye moſt Naſty, who liv'd Neateſt here.
The Light of Life, like that of Lamps we find,
Both, when exſtinguiſht, leave their ſtink behind.
What tho' each Royal Crown were made a Star,
Tranſlated hence unto the Heavenly Sphere?
Yet if, as theſe, above Earth upward tend,
Their Owners ſo beneath the Earth deſcend; Here

Hereby would ſeem but juſter cauſe to Grieve,
That Animals ſhould Death for Life receive,
And theſe Inanimate thus ever live.
That Corps is here in ſilent Darkneſs laid,
Whoſe Luſtre once could chaſe away a Shade.
That Head would now, as once with Nod it might,
With grimmer Paleneſs all Beholders fright;
That ghaſtly Viſage drive thoſe Crouds away,
Its awful Preſence once provok'd to ſtay.
Farewel, ye Powers, which cannot Fate ſubdue!
May Death to me, not Fortune, Kindneſs ſhew!
I ſcout her Darlings, I defy the Great;
All that's Above, I count below my State.
Thus *Moſes*, ſcorning to be *Pharaoh*'s Son,
Trod underfoot the rich *Ægyptian* Crown;
A Foot-ſtool meet for ſuch as can deſpiſe a Throne.
Thanks to the Gods, who granted me no more,
Since Life's the Pawn they take for giving Store.
This wealthy Fop, who undervalu'd Me,
When clad in Gold and *Tyrian* Bravery,
Beneath my Feet ſhall undervalu'd lye;
Not more the Worms, than vilet Beggar's Prey.
The World at length turn'd upſide-down I ſee,
He's Trampled, Dead; who Living, Trampled me.

On the Excellent Tranſlation of the Firſt Book of Virgil's Æneis, *By Mr.* THOMAS FLETCHER, *Fellow of* New-College.

LET *Greece* the Fabrick of the God's Invade,
Deſtroy with Mortal Hands, what firſt Immortal made.
The God of Wit can't hear the World complain,
That what *Apollo* did was done in vain:
Tho' he to Ruine ancient *Troy* deſign'd,
By *Virgil* firſt, by *Fletcher* now we find,
Troy, and a new-born *Troy*, he left behind.
That for ſack'd *Troy* he might his Sorrows ſhew,
For One deſtroy'd, he has rebuilt us Two:
Whoſe Structure he with firmer Verſe does rear,
Which ne're ſhall ruin'd *Troy*'s Deſtruction fear,
Theſe as Immortal as her Builders are.
So that the Fire, which waſted *Troy*, became
Not a conſuming, but refining Flame;
Like that which round *Aſtanius*'s Temples roll'd,
Not more her Fall than future Grandeur told.

Ev'n

Ev'n Fate it ſelf does almoſt Doubting ſtand,
Which is the Ruin'd, which the Reſcu'd Land.
For (not to mention *Rome*'s proud Turrets, where
The Conquer'd is for ever Conqueror)
You may behold a nobler Fabrick here;
Since our *Oxonian*, with the *Mantuan* Swan,
More than the vulgar ſort of Swans have done,
Have ſung the Fate of Others, not their Own:
While lo! thoſe Notes which *Aſian* Kings deplore,
That Life, the loſs of which they grieve, reſtore.
'Tis they *Æneas* make a Goddeſs Son,
'Tis they make him a Deity alone,
Not by his Happineſs, but Troubles ſhown,
That *Hero*'s Acts by theſe Enobled ſhow,
He does to *Venus* leſs than *Phœbus* owe:
His Prieſteſs led him to the Shades below,
His Prieſts, the Poets, are his Leaders now:
And by th'Immortal State their Lines have given,
One ſhew'd the way to Hell, but Two to Heaven.

Lent's Meditation.

IN pious Days, when Chriſtian's infant Zeal,
Did Spiritual, with Carnal force repel;
Before Correction to Offenders due,
Like *Moſes*'s Rod *a tempting Serpent* grew;
E're Stripes did Luſt's for Anger's Paſſion frame,
The *Lictors Faſces* Fuel to its Flame,
And Sin's Reward it ſelf a Sin became:
When pure *Religion's* new-born *Infants* were
More Innocent than thoſe of Nature are;
Ev'n them our *Saviour*'s Paſſion taught to pray,
Peter himſelf once leſs concern'd than they.
Courſe Sack-Cloath then inſtead of Silk was worn,
Diſhevel'd Hair did more than Curls adorn:
As loathſome all, as Sin it ſelf, became,
Nor was *Aſhwenſday* then an empty Name.
Both Kings and Subjects did alike appear,
Theſe humbled *Ninevites*, thoſe *Ahab*'s were:
They could, with Torture, innate Vice expel,
Preventing, by their own, the Pains of Hell.

Few

Few willful Errors did their Souls defile,
'Twas Ignorance that only could beguile.
Yet even for *many ſtripes* did that requeſt,
Repentance greateſt was, when Crimes were leaſt.
Each petty Vice requir'd its purging Showers,
Which were a Vertue if compar'd to ours.
Sin then (as far as by their Stripes appears,)
Was oft'ner waſh'd in Blood, than now in Tears.
Such were the Faults they were addicted to,
Such the rewards that did thoſe Faults enſue.
So great the Puniſhment, ſo light th' Offence,
That Crimes themſelves declar'd their Innocence:
Thus were Men Purg'd moſt, when moſt Purify'd.
Like *Holy Children in the Furnace try'd.*

But now the Yoke is ſhaken off, and we
Are grown to years of ſuch Maturity,
That we no Terror in thoſe Rods eſpy,
Which harmleſs *Babes in Chriſt* durſt not defy.
Frail Man alone theſe tender Twiggs could bend,
'Tis Thunder-ſtrokes the ſtubborn Oaks muſt rend.
They then that hope to ſhun this fiery Doom,
Its Heat by fervent Prayers overcome:
And when their Grief by outward Signs appears,
Allay its force in Penitential Tears.

Theſe

Theſe are the means by which Men *Heaven ſcale*,
Mountainous Bulks can leſs than theſe prevail.
The Soul (a *Paradox* it ſeems to be)
Is moſt exalted by Humility:
Humble Contrition ſends her to the Sky,
Her Wings, when wet with Tears, can higheſt fly:
For when ſuch Floods o'reſwhelm our Earthly part,
Amidſt the watry Eyes, and bleeding Heart;
She Dov'like (*finding none* in humane Breaſt)
Returns to Heaven, from whence ſhe came, for Reſt.
Scourgings amongſt the *Romans* ſtill prevail,
Which the Prieſt's Wants, not People's Errors heal,
The wounded Body ſuffers all in vain,
The *wounded Spirit* feels the greateſt Pain,
And which may bring to Prieſts, and People, gain.
The Romiſh Prieſts with *Pilate* may deviſe,
To *mingle humane Blood with Sacrifice*;
As he with *Galilean's* blood had done,
Defile the ſacred Temple with their own;
They, like the Prieſts of *Baal*, may cry and roar,
Painting their Sins in their own putrid Gore;
Whereby each Supplicant does ſeem to be,
A Victim rather than a Votary;

If

If we tranſcribe *Elijah*'s righteous ways,
Like him, *faſt Forty Nights, and Forty Days;*
As for ſlain Prophets he was grieved ſore,
We our *great Prophet's* ſhameful Death deplore;
As he in Flames aſcended to the Sky,
By fervent Prayers we aſcend as high;
This would alone thoſe hideous Cries excel,
And merit *Heaven* without the Pains of *Hell:*
Such ardent Zeal requires no bloody means,
This Fire will more than *Purgatory* cleanſe.
This ſince 'tis heavenly, as his Chariot's fire,
We need not doubt but 'twill like that aſpire.
But carnal Man *Ægyptian* Meat requires,
And more her *Fleſh* than *Bread* from *Heaven* deſires,
Sure if ſuch *Manna* we could ſtill receive,
We by this Bread ſuſtain'd alone might live:
Live in the Fleſh, though to the Fleſh we dy,
Shewing in Mortal, Immortality.
And thus moſt literally we may ſpeak,
The Spirit's willing when the Fleſh is weak.
'Tis true, a ſtrange, but efficacious courſe,
By which the violent take Heaven by force;
Where thoſe who Conquer are oblig'd to ſerve,
Where the Beſiegers not Beſieged ſtarve.

Blind

Blind *Scribes*! who did St. *John* for Faſting blame,
As if that Vertue from the Devil came:
Whereas that curſed Spirit ne're reſorts
To empty Stomachs, but to *empty* Hearts.
Abſtinence was our *Saviour's* potent Arms,
By which he quell'd the force of Satan's Charms:
While we each day with coſtly Dainties dine,
And pleaſe our Guſt with Bowls of ſparkling Wine.
Our craving Appetites we ne're controul,
Ne're pinch the Belly to relieve the Soul.
When from the Body any Pains ariſe,
'Tis from their pamp'ring, not expelling Vice.
Theſe are the Baits by which we taken are,
Our Tables often thus become a Snare.
Judas had ſcarce his Maſters *Traytor* been,
Had not the *Sop* made *Satan* enter in.
Thus Meat, which ſhould our humane Life ſuſtain,
Proves oft the foretaſt of Eternal Pain.
While we like *Damocles* are richly fed,
Worſe Judgments than his Sword hang o're our Head.
What Fury *Iſrael* once attended thee,
Falling from *Murmuring* to *Gluttony*?

When

When at thy great *Deliverer's* command,
Numberleſs Multitudes did crowd the Land;
Fleſh as the Duſt, and Fiſhes as the Sand.
Swift, as the Quails, Death's winged Arrows fall,
Theirs were the Feathers, theſe were fledg'd withal.

But if God's *Wrath* a too light Motive prove,
Exchange the Scene, contemplate on his *Love.*
His *Deareſt Son* leaves Heavens ſweet repoſe,
Forſakes his *Father*, dwells among his Foes.
Behold him in the lonely *Deſarts*, where
He worſe than his *Fore-runners* Fate doth bear,
He eats no *Locuſts*, no *wild-Honey* there.
Here no *Diſciples bring him ought to eat;*
To do his Father's Will is all his Meat.
Hence to a *Garden* he does now repair,
(A ſecond *Paradiſe* while he was there.)
Where, whilſt God walk'd, the *Garden* ſeem'd to be,
More like to *Eden* than *Gethſemane.*
Lo! how he prays that Man's original Sin
Might have its Exit, where it enter'd in!
That there the *ſecond Adam* might attone
For what the firſt had in a *Garden* done!
Flat on the Ground, beſmear'd with Gore, he lies,
And truly ſeems a *Living Sacrifice.*

Antici-

Anticipating what his Side muſt ſhew,
His *Tears*, and *Sweat*, like *Blood* and *Water* flow.
Then Hell's bold *Tyrant* does his Charms employ,
This *Adam* like the *former* to deſtroy:
Audacious Fiend! who would not yet forbear,
Nor God and Man together join'd, would fear,
In Heaven Vanquiſh'd, *Eve* he Conquer'd here.
Hoping he may his loſt *Eſtate* regain,
Or elſe at leaſt from hence loſt Man retain:
He counſels him, whoſe Aid he ſhould implore,
And tempts the Deity he ſhould adore.
If thou be Chriſt, the Son of God, (ſaid he)
Shew me ſome ſign of thy Divinity;
He who made fiery Flints forth Water ſhed,
Can ſure with eaſe transform theſe *Stones to Bread.*
But Chriſt his Miracles did then decline,
Such precious *Jewels* were not meet for *Swine.*
Did faithful *Ab'ram* begg him, I believe,
From Stones themſelves he would an *Off-ſpring* give;
And thence (to propagate his Fathers Praiſe)
The *Staff of Life*, as well as Life could raiſe.
But when the tempting *Phariſees* deſire,
When *Herod* or the *Devil* a *Sign* require,
(Who not the Doer but the Deed admire;)

He

He will not then exert his force Divine;
At evil Sights the Sun deſiſts to ſhine:
The greateſt proof the *God of Truth* could give,
Was thus the great *Deceiver* to deceive:
Reſiſtance was the only Prodigy,
Whereby he ſhew'd himſelf a Deity.
Great Potentate! this Miracle alone,
Was more than wrought, by being left undone.
But lo! The *Airy Prince* with ſpeedy care,
Harries our Saviour through the yielding Air.
But what did Satan then, take Wings and fly?
His Fall ſo great made him rebound ſo high.
Straight at *Jeruſalem* they both arriv'd,
(For her One joy'd, for her the Other griev'd)
When pitching on the *higheſt Pinnacle*
Of that *high Houſe*, where the *Moſt High* doth *dwell*;
Chriſt more than *myſtically* thither led,
There o're the *Church*, *his Body*, ſtood the *Head*.
There *Satan* does his ſubtile Arts peruſe,
From one Repulſe a bolder ſuit renews:
If thou art Chriſt caſt thy ſelf down from hence,
The *Powers* of *Heaven* will be thy Defence;
Spirits Divine will aid thee from Above,
Each will to thee a *Guardian Angel* prove;

But

But being Baulkt, he now at laſt prepares,
To catch with gilded Baits and painted Snares:
He does the World as his laſt Stake propoſe,
Straight all its Glory to his View diſcloſe,
Thinking to Captivate the Deity,
With ſo much Fruit ſo pleaſant to the Eye.
Before me Kneel, and Worſhip, be thou Mine,
And all the Glories of the world are thine.
But how canſt thou (bold Villain!) e're deſerve
Worſhip from him, whom thou thy ſelf ſhould'ſt ſerve?
How ſtain'd would thoſe his Milk-white Robes appear,
Which on the holy *Mount* he once did wear,
Had he and thou been thus *Transfigur'd* here?
This blacker than th' *Ægyptian part* would ſhroud
That brighter far than *Iſrael's fiery Cloud.*
But here reſiſted too away he goes,
Adds this as Fuel to his former Woes;
Whoſe ſmooth Aſſaults prevail'd on Earth no more,
Than his more rough Ones did in Heaven before.
This *Innocence* unſpotted he muſt leave;
Not ſo the *Son of Man* as Man deceive.
Reflect vain Man! Reflect on this, and ſee
If God be Tempted, what awaits on Thee.

Happy

Happy, were bare Temptation all thy Doom,
Thou ſcarce art oftner Tempted than o're-come.
Man is become the great Devourer's Prey;
The beſt of Men too oft are drawn away,
This Roaring *Lyon* will a *Prophet ſlay.*
Man is the Food to which the *Serpent*'s Curſt;
Duſt he muſt Eat, and what is *Man* but Duſt?
Rouze ſluggiſh Wretch! Examine every part,
Pierce through the cloſe Receſſes of thy Heart;
And when thou doſt the lurking Monſter find,
The ſureſt way to drive him from thy Mind,
Is to debar thy ſelf of coſtly Fare,
Let him have no kind Entertainment there.
Plenty of Vice with Victual plenty ſhares,
'Twas a fat Soil which Satan ſow'd with Tares.
If thou art Wicked, 'tis no more than Juſt
To mortify thoſe Members prone to Luſt;
And mingle *Water* with thy *Saviour*'s *Blood*;
To purge the greateſt Guilt, there needs a greater Flood
If thou art Righteous be not too Remiſs:
Praiſe God the more; not Faſt, or Pray the leſs.
When thou haſt almoſt won the Bleſſed Race,
Thou mayſt not then ſtand ſtill, but mend thy pace,
Since not Improvement is abuſe of Grace.

Satan we find (as Day ſprings up from Night)
Is chang'd from *Devil* to a *Saint of Light*:
The Terms are too Reciprocal, and we
Some *Saints of Light* may chang'd to *Devils* ſee.
But ſtay my Muſe, return from this Extream,
And through each Paſſage track thy ſacred Theme.
Behold him at the *Mount of Olives*, where
Viewing the Deity that's ſeated there,
You'd think Mount *Olivet* Mount *Horeb* were.
O how agreeable a Sight it ſhows!
The harmleſs *Dove* among the *Olive Boughs!*
There he the *Eight Beatitudes* expreſs'd,
Which being thus deliver'd were increas'd.
Here *Moſes*'s *Law* more fully did repeat,
But not ſo much Aboliſh as Compleat.
Whilſt this bright Sun with healing Wings doth riſe,
The *Vale is rent*, the Cloud of Darkneſs flies.
Here are no mighty *Thundrings* as of Old,
When theſe ſame Precepts were to *Moſes* told.
When from *Mount Sinai great Jehovah* ſpeake,
And made *fix'd Hills with reverend Horrour quake.*
No harſh loud Clamours grate the Peoples Ears,
Th'Almighty here in *ſtill ſmall Voice appears.*
From *Olivet* to *Tabor* he removes,
One Mountain left, he to another goes. Lo

Lo *Hor*! Lo *Carmel*! *Piſgah*, *Horeb*; where
Aaron; *Eliſha*, *Moſes*, God appear.
Thus Hills by God, and God-like Men are ſought,
Which high the Body, higher raiſe the Thought;
Where we behold with Contemplation's Eye,
And view more clearly Heaven by being nigh.
Here he was ſtraight o'reſhadow'd with a Cloud,
Here with him *Moſes*, here *Elias* ſtood.
He Glorious now, as once from God he came;
The Dazling now as in his Chariot's Flame.
While thus the Harbinger of *Chriſt* was known,
Not in *John Baptiſt*'s Perſon, but his own.
Let's then like *Peter*, while we ſtand and gaze,
This humble *Temple* to their Honour raiſe.
But Oh! can this that radiant Sight repay?
Sure, ſure like him, *I know not what I ſay.*

What ſudden Change! Lo! ſtraight the ſame I ſee
Deſcended hence, Aſcending *Calvary*;
There Glory ends in ſhame. The People's Cry,
Is from *Hoſanna*, turn'd to *Crucify*.
There's no Attendants, his Companions there,
For Two bright Saints, two *Malefactors* were,
The Purple Robe, which others might Adorn,
As Badge of Reverence, here's a Badge of Scorn;

The *King of Jews* a Wooden Head-piece wore,
A *Reed* inſtead of Golden Scepter bore.
Not him the Crown, but He the Crown Adorns,
The Deity again in *Buſh of Thorns.*
When he a *Sacrifice for Sin was made,*
The only Son again on Wood was laid;
By which Reed, Crown, and Croſs is underſtood,
He paid for Sin proceeding firſt from Wood.
Who can relate this Love of God, who can
Rather forſake himſelf, than Sinful Man?
Rather than Man Eternally ſhould Dye,
Death once for All ſeiz'd ev'n Eternity.
Who can expreſs the Sorrow he did ſhew,
Exchang'd from greateſt Bliſs to greateſt Woe?
Full exquiſite that Torture muſt appear,
When beſides Croſs, ſharp Nails, and ſharper Spear,
To fill the Cup, increaſe the bitter Draught,
Myrrh, Hyſſop, Gall and Vinegar are brought.
My God why haſt forſaken me, that Cry
Made Heaven and Earth have Fellow-ſympathy.
Black Clouds, of Night in Mourning clad the Sky,
Bewailing its departed Deity.
The Earth ſhe moves, each lofty Mountain ſhakes,
The Univerſe with trembling Palſey quakes:

The

The Rocky Heaps diſperſe themſelves about,
And while Man ceaſeth, *Stones themſelves cry out.*
The Temple quite throughout is rent in twain;
The *Body* ſuffers when the *Head's* in Pain.
And now let's Trace him to the Shades below,
(This ſetting Sun under the Earth muſt go)
Where once again we may repeated ſee
Not long ſince Earth's, long ſince Heaven's Victory.
Where once for All the Son of Man ſhall quell
Hell's Bloody Tyrant, conquer'd ev'n in Hell.
Here pauſe a while, here mute, and ſilent gaze;
I know ſo much, I know not what to Praiſe.
He whom the *Heaven of Heavens could not contain,*
Does in a low and narrow Tomb remain;
That we no longer Dead in Sin might ly:
That we might Live, the Living God muſt Dye.
The *Ever-Bleſſed* is a Curſe become,
To expiate our ever-curſed Doom.
In our behalf he Sorrow underwent,
And was to *Hell* as well as *Heaven* ſent.
Not there for us new *Manſions* to prepare,
But deſtroy thoſe prepar'd already there.
Aſcend once more the Top of *Calvary,*
Thy Bleſſed Saviour there Expiring ſee.

There the mixt Rabble *wagg their Heads* in vain,
To addle their before unſettled Brain.
Ah! Thou the Temple that deſtroy'ſt (they Cry)
(Speaking the Truth by way of *Irony*)
Recover thy almoſt exhauſted Breath,
And Save thy ſelf, who *Saveſt* all from Death.
The cruel Souldiers (as may well declare)
The *parted Raiment*, and the Bloody *Spear*,
At once his Body and his Garment tear.
Here two Extreams together met I ſee,
The Pride of Man and God's Humility.
Lo! him Revil'd by Man, whom did before
Angels, by ſome Ador'd themſelves, Adore!
Lo! Him from thence to Heart of Earth convey'd,
In whom true Hearts, as he in her's, are laid!
That without Sin we, born in Sin, might dye,
He that without Sin liv'd, for Sin does Buried lye.
Shall we indulge in Riot, Luſt, and Pride?
And live in that for which our Saviour Dy'd?
Shall we too much in comely Dreſſes truſt,
While he lies void of Beauty, Cloath'd with Duſt?
Is this a Seaſon fit for Feaſting grown?
Faſting is proper when the Bridegroom's gone.
They who refuſe to Crucify the Fleſh,
Oft *Crucify the Son of God afreſh.* Their

Their ſav'ry Meat does bitter Gall appear,
Their Wine his Vinegar, their Knife his Spear.
Thrice happy they who can from Meats abſtain,
And ſhare a little in their Saviour's Pain;
That Pain is Pleaſure, and theſe *Loſſes Gain.*
Thrice happy they, who do what *Mary* did,
(Affording Spring and Towel from her Head,)
She before Death his Funeral prepares,
Anoints with Oyntment, and Embalms with Tears.
Whilſt that their Grief more proper will appear,
If after Death they in his Burial ſhare.
Thus whilſt with her they Weep, Lament and Howl,
To waſh his Corps, they cleanſe their filthy Soul.
May we our Maſter's Pattern thus maintain,
(This Cup the Sons of *Zebedee* muſt drain,)
With him thus Suffer, e're with him we Reign.
Twill add ſome Luſtre to that Glorious Day,
To have had *Tears* that muſt be * *wip'd away.*
Then Spring's Green Mantle covers Paradiſe,
When from our † *Earthy part theſe watry Miſts ariſe.*

* *Rev.* 1. 17. † *Gen.* 2. 6.

The RESURRECTION *of* CHRIST.

INvoke thy Saviour, Dead and Torpid Muſe,
That his new Life in thee may Life infuſe.
Run to the *Sepulchre* in haſt to view,
Out-run both *Peter* and the *Other* too.
How does his Grave unlike it ſelf appear!
Spirits inſtead of Fleſh inhabit there.
His Winding-ſheet is all you there can find:
(*Elijah* thus his Mantle left behind.)
An Angel roll'd away the heavy Stone,
And ſate himſelf in Triumph thereupon.
The moving which its Greatneſs ſerv'd to prove,
Since moving it made Earth's vaſt Fabrick move.
Hither Enquirers early Journies make;
From hence the Angel to Enquirers ſpake:
He who juſt now lay Bury'd in this Cell,
Unſeal'd this Stone, but faſter ſeal'd up Hell.
What *Abram* repreſented, God hath done,
He took the Knife and would have ſlain his Son.

And

And when by *Works* he thought his Faith to ſhow,
That *Friend of God* was to himſelf a *Foe.*
There's no Reluctance, no Paternal care
(Both Great) ſo great as to diſcover Fear.
And had not God with-held the fatal Stroake,
Making his Angel his Command revoke,
You then had *Iſaac* a Burnt-offering ſeen,
A Death as wondrous as his Birth had been.
But though God thus refus'd his Son to ſpare,
He has not left us wholly in Deſpair;
Obtaining Conqueſt o're the Conquering Grave,
More mighty by Deſtroying, ſeems to Save.
Great was the Power, great the Love Divine,
Which all preceding Miracles out-ſhine.
A meaner Prophet's Bones could once before,
When Dead themſelves, the Dead to Life Reſtore
'Twas the *Great Prophet*'s high Prerogative,
To make himſelf, as well as others Live.
No Trumpet's ſound that Body need revive,
Which is *the Reſurrection and the Life.*
The Captain of Salvation needs no Call,
Nor Summon'd be himſelf that Summons all.
With him dead Saints forſake their ancient Urn;
With the Redeemer the Redeem'd return;

And

And by Experience teach us to believe,
All dye in Adam, all in Adam live.
Fix then my Soul, confide in this Belief,
And to thy Faith conform thy future Life;
Since that from Death thy Saviour rais'd has bin,
Riſe from the Death, Eternal Death of Sin.
Let not the Living Death, as Life the Dead ſurprize,
Like wicked Souldiers ſleep while holy Saints ariſe.
For tho' even theſe are Deſtin'd once to dye,
Death ſeems to them not Death, but Extaſy.

To the Late BISHOP *of* BATH *and* WELLS, *on his* Departure *from that* See.

TO You, Great Sir, my humble Muſe is come,
To Pity, ſince ſhe can't reverſe your Doom;
My *Magdalene* Converted firſt by You,
Stands afar off, and does your Sorrows view.
Your Sorrows? No. Your Temper I forget,
You kindly welcome ev'n the hardeſt Fate:

You

You quit your Dioceſs, your Office leave,
With leſs Reluctance than you did Receive.
Contentment ſuch a Bleſſing is, as may,
By teaching to ſuſtain the Loſs, repay.
Your Virtues all like Starry Orbs appear,
Brighteſt and largeſt in their loweſt Sphere.
Ingrateful Wretch, and cruel ſhould I be,
To bear thy Loſs as patiently as thee.
Ye Men of *Bath*, for him let Tears be ſhed,
Who cloath'd the Naked, who the Hungry fed;
Who nought for Private or Self-ends would ſave,
But, like th'Apoſtles, all in Common gave.
Thus he his Talent too of Knowledge us'd,
No leſs his Doctrines, than his Goods, diffus'd.
Ye Baths, who oft turn others Pains to Eaſe,
Weep for your own, as well as their Diſeaſe:
You who might once *Bethesda's-Pool* excel,
His Bleſſing made the Healing-Waters Heal.
No need of a Celeſtial Angels Care,
When he, Angelick-Man, reſided there.
But now your Efficacy will decreaſe,
Make Deſolate the once frequented Place;
No *Naaman* ſure had bath'd his Body here,
Had not the Great *Eliſha* dwelt ſo near.

At

At his Removal from that happy See,
None ſo Indifferent, ſo Calm as he.
With the ſame Patience he his Wandrings bore,
As he had his * Confinement done before;
Tho we in him his Maſters hardſhips read,
Who ſcarce knew where to lay his weary Head.
Adam my Pity ſhall no more engroſs,
Who bought an Apple with a Garden's loſs;
His Guilt depriv'd him of that bleſſed Coaſt;
Here Innocence its Paradiſe has loſt.

* *When with 6 other Biſhops imprisoned in the Tower.*

Upon the Monthly FAST.

WHile Heathen Monarchs on themſelves rely,
While they, *Mezentius*-like, the Gods defy;
Banquets and War are fit Companions thought,
As if they enjoy'd the Prey, for which they fought.
Theſe make the *Pigmy* ſoon *Gigantick* grow,
Theſe make him Plump, theſe Tall, theſe Luſty too.
Yet ev'n theſe Feaſts have chang'd to bloody War,
And made a Captive of a Conqueror;
While foul Exceſs thwarting their prime intent,
Impairs that Strength their mod'rate Diet lent.

But

But Chriſtian Kings, when they are Warlike ſeen,
Diſplay a meaner, yet a nobler Scene.
No coſtly Dainties crown the modeſt Board,
Each has a Stomach ſharper than his Sword.
Till by their rig'rous Abſtinence they grow
As much their own, as Adverſaries Foe.
Theſe are the means which pious Kings advance
Above the reach of Conduct or of Chance.
Their Tears become the only Drink they taſt,
Groanings their Muſick, Penitence their Feaſt.
When mortify'd with Hunger they repine,
They ſwallow Foes who plentifully Dine,
Foes clogg'd with Gluttony, immers'd in Wine.
Unlikely theſe ſhould bear the Spoils away,
Pharaoh's Fat Kine became the lean ones Prey.
He moſt ſecure from mortal Wounds is grown,
Who does not what *Achilles* once had done,
Baths not in *Stygian* Waters, but his own;
Not ſuch as thoſe to Cowardiſe we owe,
Not ſuch as parting Friends may challenge, no,
The Guilty Conſcience makes the watry Eye,
That troubling Moon dos raiſe the Tide ſo high.
So Good *Cornelius* Faſting mixt with Tears;
Not for himſelf but for his Sins he fears.

And

And were his deeds by every Souldier ſhown,
The Red-coat almoſt would excel the Gown.
Nay thoſe who cannot in the Field appear,
(Tho' not in Perſon) may be uſeful there:
Might we their lifted Hands, like *Moſes*, ſee,
Reach up to Heaven, and thence pluck Victory:
Then would their potent Prayers make us grant
The Church Emphatically Militant,
And ev'n the Sacred Temple not in vain
Reduc'd to Tabernacle once again.
What Palat now don't Royal Dainties cloy,
Which cannot them with naked Swords enjoy.
Thoſe Swords make ev'n a Feaſt become a Faſt,
Whoſe very Sight can ſerve to wound the Taſt.
'Tis Abſtinence the healing Med'cine proves,
Abſtinence Food at once and War removes.
Juno was forc'd to taſt a Flower, e're ſhe
Conceiv'd bold *Mars*, War's bloody Deity.
Then pleaſant Food, as you would him, eſchew;
What firſt created War, will War renew.
Would you have Tumults and Sedition ceaſe?
By Faſting firſt within your ſelf make Peace.
This will make furious Paſſions gentle grow,
Reduce the private, and the common Foe;

This

This will compoſe Diviſions, this at length,
By Aiding thus, extract from Weakneſs, Strength.

The Final DISSOLUTION.

AWake, I cry'd, awake my Tuneful Lyre,
Thou, by thy various Notes, thy ſelf a Quire!
I ſtruck, ſhe Groan'd, I ſtruck again, but ſhe
Gave only Shrieks inſtead of Harmony.
When lo! The loudeſt laſt Sound grates my Ear;
The Trumpet, Natures Paſſing-Bell, I hear.
The Sun, aſham'd to ſee his Doom, does ſhroud
His radiant Beams behind Night's darkeſt Cloud.
The Moon too Bluſheth at her Fate in Blood,
And weeps her ſelf into a Crimſon Flood.
The falling Stars, which falſly we ſo call,
Turn Lies to Truth, and actually Fall.
The Heavens with more than uſual Thunder ſhake,
And with their own, not Earthly Subſtance, crack;
The Lightning now from Eaſt to Weſt does ſhine,
And all into one mighty Bonfire joyn.
The Elements diſſolve with fervent Sweat;
Ev'n Fire and Water now agree in Heat.

The

The ſinged Air, not long ſince Liquid, dries;
The breath of Life, like thoſe it leaveth, Dies.
The parched Earth burns next, and Cedars tall,
With Nether-woods, are Fuel e're they fall.
The lofty Mountains with Convulſions tear;
As many *Ætna*'s, as are Hills, appear.
Their Tops are kindled firſt, which moſt aſpire,
And Pyramids are more than like to Fire.
Thro' Stones, thro' Clay the Flame its paſſage breaks;
To its Aſſiſtance it all Matter takes.
No more in Lime or Flints its preſence cloaks;
Theſe unſtruck ſparkle, that untemper'd ſmoaks:
Beneath the Surface of the Earth does ſtray,
While hidden Metals melt themſelves away.
Gold in Earth's Bowels cannot lie ſecure,
Ev'n in its Mines the Furnace does endure,
But to conſume it, not to make it pure.
The Sea permitted by the Wind to ſmile,
With rolling Waves for very Heat does boil.
The Ambient Flame alike all places burns,
And the whole Globe into a Fire-ball turns.
The fiery Plague does Animals purſue;
Deſtroys Inanimate and Living too.
The unblemiſh'd Heifer to the Altar led,
Prevents its Fire, and frys before ſhe's Dead.

The Pigeon * undivided does expire, * *Gen.* 15. 9.
Nor by * Æthereal but Terreſtrial Fire? * *v.* 17.
Nor are Mankind exempted from the ſame,
But go alive into their Funeral-flame.
Ev'n Death her ſelf, grown weary with the toil
Of ſlaying, and o're-glutted with her Spoil?
Muſt follow after her devoured Prey;
The Oyl once ſpent, the Lamp will ſoon decay.
Thus ſhe who hitherto lookt Pale and Wan,
When Tyrannizing o're poor Vanquiſh'd Man;
Wondring to find her ſelf become a Prize,
Yields to this Fire, and bluſheth as ſhe Dies.
But hold preſumptuous Muſe! No farther go;
Leſt thou, ſurviving Death, Immortal grow.
Since *Phœnix*-like the World expires, ſhall I
Make it *Swan*-like to ſing its Elegy?
Ceaſe then my Muſe; do thou with Nature Die.

The New-Jerusalem.

WEll may the *Phœnix*-world in Flames consume;
Since, *Phœnix*-like 'tis a prolifick Doom,
Bearing a Richer in its pregnant Tomb.
A glorious World, refin'd from drossy Earth;
Far brighter than those Flames that gave it Birth:
Flames which at once their double Office shew,
The Old World's *Hesper*, *Phosper* to the New.
Surprizing sight! Gems which once Precious were;
Loose all their Worth, are vile and common here.
The *Onyx*, *Topaz*, *Sapphire*, *Diamond*,
Serve now, like Flints, to pitch the radiant Ground:
The Pride of Crowns is here a Foot-stool found.
The Sea in clearness Chrystal does surpass,
As far as Chrystal might, compar'd with Glass.
Whose Waves themselves within their Limits keep,
Nor scar'd by Moon with over-flowings weep.
Which having been * 6000 Years oppress
Now on the Seventh, as their Sabbath, Rest.
The meanest Structure which God's word commands,
Exceeds the noblest Buildings rais'd by Hands.

* *The supposed Date of the World.*

The

The nobleſt Architects are here out-gone,
Nimrod in Heighth, in Glory *Solomon.*
Alas! His Fabrick was but lin'd with Gold,
While here the out-ſide we Embois'd behold.
And if the Caſe be ſuch, the Jewel ſure,
Which it contains, muſt needs be far more pure.
Jacob's Twelve Sons, Twelve ſeveral Gates command,
And there as Sentinels to Guard them ſtand,
* *Simeon* and *Levi* Expiate what they owe,
For raſing Walls, and their Defenders grow.
Never was *Joſeph* yet ſo gaudy Dreſt,
In *Pharaoh*'s Signet, or his Father's Veſt.
Never the Patriarchs ſo Bright and Gay,
Tho' they enroll'd in *Aaron*'s Breaſt-plate lay.
Where Starry Gems, while they their Names revive,
And, tho' Falſe Stars, yet ſureſt Omens give;
At once make paſt and future Ages live.
For thoſe which ſuch a Luſtre caſt before,
Reſpecting theſe, leſs Light than *Shaddow* bore.
And we th' *Aaronick* Prieſthood now may call,
In Robes, as well as Office, Typical.

* *Who deſtroyed Sechem.* Gen. 34. 25.

But as the Walls and City dazle near,
So do the Woods and Country ſhine afar.
The very Groves as Rich as Kings are Crown'd;
And Golden Boughs on every Tree are found. Which

Which free from Autumns ſpight, themſelves ne're fade,
Nor other Objects make ſo with their Shade:
And which broke off, to Pious Saints are given,
Not Tickets for to enter Hell, but Heaven,
A Thouſand Years firſt ſpent; their Dated ſtay:
A Thouſand Years, which will but ſeem a Day;
While they enjoy continued Bliſs and Eaſe,
Charm'd and Protected by the Prince of Peace.
Nor can theſe Thouſand Years by Time be known;
Since Sun and Moon; ſince Sky and Stars are gone.
Time is involv'd in Nature's common Doom,
And, as it all things, does it ſelf conſume.
For why ſhould thoſe bright Bodies ſtill remain?
Nature makes nothing, nor preſerves in vain.
Which yet ſhe had, had ſhe preſerv'd the Sun,
And made the Stars their wonted Courſes run.
What Luſtre could from diſtant Stars appear,
While Saints, who were to ſhine like them, ſo near.
The Sun of Righteouſneſs imparts below,
More dazling Rays than could from *Phœbus* flow;
Which would o're-caſt his Light: he no more now
His Light, than Stars, he ſhining, theirs could ſhow.
For Light the more Obſcures, the more 'tis Bright,
And that by which we ſee deprives of Sight.

But

But yet this Light is rendred more compleat,
In that it proves as Conſtant, as 'tis Great.
Nothing obſtructs th'uninterrupted Light;
One duskiſh Cloud would here be thought a Night.
No Zodiack Points out his Meaſur'd way;
Eternity within no Bounds can ſtay.
Such is the Majeſty which does diſpenſe,
Such are they who enjoy his Influence.
And tho' one Star another may excel
In Glory, all in Union equal dwell.
Some more, ſome leſs; yet ſtill all Happy be,
Such different Notes conſpire in Harmony;
And Grace *Jeruſalem*, which may be ta'ne,
Or for aſpiring Earth, or for deſcending Heaven.

A Lamentation *for* Moses.

WHat News is this? What ſudden Change I hear?
Meekneſs it ſelf is grown a Murmurer.
Muſt I fetch Water, Moſes cries; his Hand
Seconds his Words, words potent as his Wand.
Which to the ſtriker Wounds more *Mortal* gave,
Than the ſtruck Rock could from his Rod receive.
Dull Rock! hadſt thou their meaning underſtood;
No need of Rod, thoſe words had ſpoke a Flood:
And pittying Tears from Stones had trickled ſo,
As might thereby prevent the lifted Blow,
Whilſt Speech became the Speaker's vocal Rod;
When it diſhonour'd him that gave it, God.
Happy had he ne're ſtiff-neck'd *Iſrael* knew!
Been ſlain himſelf when he the *Egyptian* ſlew.
Why was he ſpar'd by the *Erythraan* Sea?
Only that he might want of Water ſee?
Why by the Beaſts that in the Deſart ſtray?
To govern Men leſs Civiliz'd than they.
How has the Luſtre of his radiant Face
Prov'd to himſelf a threatning Comets Blaze!

Clad

Clad with the Wedding-Robe of Heavens bright Quire,
Why was the *Chariot* wanting to the Fire?
In vain unarm'd he *Amalek* subdu'd,
In vain the Conqueſt ſent from Heaven he shew'd.
When deſtitute of Men and Arms defence,
His lifted Hand reach'd Victory from thence.
For, tho' the Obſtacle remov'd, he run
The Race, alas! he can't enjoy the Crown,
Moſes without the Holy-land muſt ſtay;
Nor march in Triumph through that *Sacred way.*
To *Nebo*, nature's Pyramid, he's ſent:
Nebo, if not his Grave, his Monument.
There viewing *Canaan* Heaven's Type, that Scene
Clos'd with his Eyes, and Heaven it ſelf is ſeen.
Go pious Prince to thy eternal Home,
Bleſt with thy Puniſhment enjoy thy Doom.
To enter *Canaan* would leſs Happy be;
Canaan is now a Wilderneſs to Thee.

JONATHAN'S *Complaint againſt* SAUL, *Occaſion'd by his Enjoyning an unſeaſonable* Faſt.

WHat has my Conqueſt over Armies won!
I vanquiſh'd *Thouſands* to ſubmit to *One.*
Food, Life's preſervative, for Death does call;
My Mouth taſts Honey, but my Belly Gall.
Behold my Father! did I Father ſay,
Alas! That Title he has caſt away;
Behold my King! my fatal Judge! leſs loath
To looſe his Nature, than to break his Oath.
See, he denies my guiltleſs Life to ſave,
Mine *Eyes are opened*, but to *ſee* my Grave.
Yet I'le be Dutiful, tho' ſure of Death;
And beg his Pardon with my Dying Breath.
Forgive what never was a Fault in me,
Nor in it ſelf, made ſuch by your Decree.
Think me not Faulty, but your ſelf Severe;
Can Hands be Guilty, when the Heart is clear?

Yet

Yet grant they could; ſure tears ye Heart might move,
A captiv'd Victor, and a filial Love.
O more than Stoney! If like Stones you were,
You'd be diſſolv'd, as they by *Water* are.
When I the joyful Laurel ſhould receive,
Can you in Juſtice mournful Cypreſs give?
You Swore, you ſay; but yet you raſhly Swore:
Warn'd by one raſh Act, raſhly Act no more.
Some hidden Impulſe puſhes on my Fate;
You with falſe Colours varniſh o're your Hate.
Conſcience will check you, if my Life you ſpare:
But did not check you, when you threw your *Spear*.
Why did my Guardian-Angel ward the Blow,
And ſave my Life to need a *Second throw*?
Ye Men of *Gibeah*, our dear *Gibeah*, ſay,
Will ye Relentleſs ſee me Die to day?
To ſave the *Wicked* once your Arms you lent:
Redeem that Crime, and ſave the *Innocent*.
Shall *Saul* deal worſe with me than with his Foe?
He would not ſerve his Conquer'd *Agag* ſo.
Admire the Miracle by *Sampſon* done,
Extracting Honey from a Lion's bone.
Admire, and grieve for *Saul*, of whom 'tis ſaid,
Lo! One whom *Honey* has a *Lion* made.

A *DIALOGUE* between DIVES *and* LAZARUS.

WHy do I in thoſe gloomy Regions ſee
Dives his Grandeur ſtoop to Slavery?
Div. The cauſe of this my Station would you know?
The weight of Riches preſs me down ſo low.
Laz. Thrice happy by my Poverty am I,
The want of theſe has made me ſoar ſo high.
D. But how came you ſo well to know me here?
Neither are you, nor I what once we were.
L. Whether you are the ſame, you beſt can tell;
I ſee you wear your *Purple* ſtill in Hell.
D. 'Tis true indeed, but not more true than ſtrange;
I would my *Purple* for thy *Rags* exchange.
Thus *Pharaoh* Gorgeouſly array'd like me,
Drunk his *laſt deadly Potion* in that Sea
Whoſe red-curl'd Waves, that were a *Wall* before,
Freſh dy'd his Garments with their Crimſon gore;
While he and his Retinue downward paſs,
Unknown Companions to the Finny race.

Hard-

Hard-hearted both; both Rich; we both expire
In *Bluſhing* Tides; but mine are Tides of Fire:
Where Doom'd to wretched Immortality,
I'me ever Dying, yet muſt never Dye.
Joy, as Immortal, do's thy Grief repay:
Each putrid Scar becomes a golden Ray.
Thy Viſage like the new-born Sun appears,
Riſing more Glorious from a Sea of Tears.
But like the Setting-ſun in Flames I ſhine;
To Tears, a *Sea* of Tears I muſt decline.

L. Your Uſage anſwers your too cruel Mind.
Thoſe who are Pitileſs, no Pity find.

D. One Drop of Water, pray, One drop beſtow!
One minutes Pleaſure in an endleſs Woe.
I can't obtain ev'n common Nature's due;
What Beggars ſcorn to crave, I beg from you,
Tho' I deſerve, Reward not ill with ill:
One *Cryſtal* Drop will make me *Dives* ſtill.

L. I cannot, would not quit this Bleſſed State:
A *Gulf* divides us, the ſure *Hem* of Fate.
Left unconfin'd, I ſcarce ſhould thither go;
Sure Hell's a grievous Place, ſince Earth was ſo.
Then in like Terms I anſwer you, I fear
I ſhall be *Lazarus*, if I'me not here.

OR-

ORPHEUS's *Complaint.*

AM I not *Orpheus?* If I be,
Where is my dear *Euridice.*
Poor Soul return'd from *Styx* in vain!
No ſooner Found but Loſt again!
Is this the Prize my Muſick won,
Thus to be Twice bereav'd of One?
Scarce had my Lyre its laſt words ſpoke,
My String unloos'd, her *Thread* was broke.
But why do I of Fate complain?
'Tis I am Fate; 'tis I have ſlain.
'Tis I, my dear *Euridice,*
A Second Adder am to thee.
Fond Love, alas! Too fond to bleſs!
Thy Joys are more, when Thou art leſs;
My Eyes no longer could forbear,
Tho' they view'd Death in viewing her.
Eyes, which as *Baſiliſks* are ſaid
T'have done with theirs, have look'd her Dead.

At

Words hover round th'Apoſtles Lips unſought,
Brought forth without the labour of a Thought.
Revealing, they become a Myſtery,
Making, *to ſpake with Tongues, to Propheſy.*
See how the Flame, which round their Temples plays,
Different Effects from the ſame Cauſe betrays!
For that which is a *Mitre* lent to ſome,
To others is a *Crown* of Martyrdome!
Yet neither Javelin, Croſs, or Club; not all
Thoſe *liquid* Flames, *Rivers* of burning *Oyl*,
Shall ever quench the Holy Spirit's Zeal,
Whoſe Light the Prince of Darkneſs can't expel.
For as the Body moulders into Earth,
Buried in that *Firſt Womb* that gave it Birth;
So do's the Heaven-born Soul to Heaven repair,
Which Fan'd by, as it paſſeth through the Air;
Renews its Flame, and grows a radiant Star:
Till large Infuſions of the Spirit ſhow
'Twas but his *Earneſt* it receiv'd Below.

A Copy of Verſes, Entituled In Libellum Clariſſimi Viri THOMÆ HOBBII, De Natura Hominis. *And Compos'd by* Rad. Bathurſt, M. D. *Made Engliſh.*

THat which o're Wonder's Riddles had prevail'd,
Fathom'd the Ocean, and the Heaven ſcal'd.
That which both *Indies* had together brought,
Juſtling each other at a turn of Thought;
That Mind which could all this, and more command:
That great Container is it ſelf Contain'd.
Which having through the Maze of Knowledge trac'd,
Found out the way to know it ſelf at laſt.
Learn, Man, thy Inward, once thy hidden Part,
Thou, who the Reader, thou the Lecture art.
Diſcern the Alien lodg'd within thy Breaſt,
Thy greateſt Stranger, though thy conſtant Gueſt.
Here's no inſipid School-men's empty Toys,
Whoſe Words conſiſt of little elſe but Noiſe;

Who

Who Seven long Years for their Degrees muſt wait,
E're Blub-cheeks ſpeak them Maſters of Debate:
While the poor Ware that's hardly worth a Groat;
Is vainly boaſted, as 'tis dearly bought!
But profound Senſe that weighty Matters dreſs'd.
Senſe fit by ſuch as *Hobbs* to be expreſs'd,
Back'd with the Reaſon he deſign'd to ſhew,
Reaſon the Painter, and the Picture too.
See here thy ſecret Labyrinth diſplay'd;
See here thy ſelf a living Engine made;
See what Spring moves, what Trigger ſtops the Wheel,
Thy very Soul ſo clearly Drawn, ſo well,
That ſhould ev'n *Momus*'s Window intervene,
'Twould through that *Glaſs* be now but *Darkly ſeen.*
Lo! an Idea of the Affections here!
See a Deſcription of the Senſes there!
What *parted Flames* our eager Paſſions move,
Which, or our Anger kindle, or our Love.
Here is the Seat of Grief and Pleaſure, here
Fear it ſelf *Dares*, yet *Trembles* to appear:
Let Politicians firſt be rul'd by thee;
Would they o're vulgar Tempers Rulers be.
Thy Arts are foaming Bits, that curb with eaſe,
And ply the Stubborn to the *Bonds of Peace.*

Here *Archimedes* may *ſure-Footing* find,
(To Know is almoſt to ſubdue the Mind)
When he wreſts Scepters from the Hands of Kings,
And fierce Barbarians to Compliance brings;
Makes Trembling Palſy ſeize the Royal Throne,
And ev'n the *World* it ſelf *turns upſide-down.*
There's nothing can his Government withſtand;
Who can the Mind, that Governs all, command.

Audacious Soul! who doſt as high aſpire
For Knowledge; as *Prometheus* did for Fire;
Tell me what Deity to thee has ſhown
Theſe noble Arts, to Ages paſt unknown?
What Saint, ſent hither by *the Lord of Light,*
Said, *Brother* Hobbs, *recieve Immortal Sight.*
Claim this as thy peculiar Gift, alone
Unknown to all, as all to thee are known.
What by Creation was the Work Divine,
Is made, Great Soul, by Revelation Thine.

THE Seventh ELEGY OF THE SECOND BOOK OF *TIBULLUS.*

WHen Thoughts are mutinous 'twixt Dth and Life,
Hope ſteps between, and parts the fatal Strife:
Many had ſlept in Death's eternal Night,
Had Hopes bright Sun withdrawn his pleaſant Light.
'Tis Hope prolongs the wretched Lovers ſtay,
Which if it fly, Life with it flies away.
Prophetick Hope can only Grief deſtroy,
Diſarming preſent Ills with future Joy.
The Plow-man truſts his Seed to *Mother* Earth,
In full Aſſurance of a better Birth:

But ſhould his Hopes as long Retirement have,
Furrows for Corn would prove the Tillers Grave.
By Hope the Fowler's Nets for Birds are wrought,
Hope the *true Bait* whereby all Fiſh are caught.
Hope makes Confinement perfect Liberty;
Hope makes the Slave amidſt his Fetters free:
Naught can divert him from his merry Tone;
Hope calls for Songs, when they require a Groan.
Hope, like my Miſtreſs, does my Heart beguile:
Hope makes her Frowns the dimples of a Smile.
Forbear, Fair Nymph, forbear thy haughty Scorn;
Teach not the *Goddeſs Hope* to Die forlorn.
Let it ſuffice in Beauty to out-vie;
Submit in Power to her Deity.
If you your Siſters Ghoſt, or Love, or Fear;
By loving me, evince your Love to her.
So mayſt thou Earth on her young Members lay,
A Turf as ſlender, and as ſoft as they.
She ſhall my Prayers, ſhe ſhall my Offerings have;
Sweet Garland ſhall perfume her putrid Grave.
And leaſt like her, the faireſt Flower, they die;
I'll with my Tears the abſent Dew ſupply.
There ſecure Refuge, there Redreſs I'le ſeek,
And (ſince you will not) move her Duſt to ſpeak;

She'll

She'll never let the living Siſter have
Thoſe Tears, due only to the Dead one's Grave.
Let me no longer then Denial find;
On her Account, if not on mine, be Kind.
Leſt ſhe to Horror turn your ſweet Repoſe;
Making you view her, tho' your Eyes you cloſe:
View her beſmear'd with ſuch a bloody Gore,
As once her *deadly Fall* had caus'd before:
When from aloft ſtain'd into *Styx* ſhe fell;
Thus making almoſt a Red-Sea in Hell.
While in ſuch dreadful Colours Ghoſts appear,
Spectators grow as Pale, as thoſe they fear.
But hold, my Miſtreſs do's her Grief renew;
And I my ſelf a Feind, not Lover, ſhew.
If this dire method muſt my Woes relieve;
I'de grieve for ever, might ſhe never Grieve.
May thoſe conſenting Eyes ne're ſhed a Tear!
Show'rs are unſeaſonable when Stars appear.
Not ſhe, but *Phryne* ought to bear the blame;
Phryne as void of Pity, as of Shame;
Who others Letters (by her cruel Art
Hid in her Boſom) ſlyly does impart,
And joyns them *nearer* to my Miſtreſſes's *Heart*.

When I enquire, ſhe's not at Home, ſhe'll cry :
Altho' my Miſtreſſes's Voice does ſpeak her nigh.
And when I come my Promiſe to obtain,
She ſays ſhe's in a Fright, or elſe in Pain.
Till by her Lies 'tis I the Anguiſh bear,
Making her Feign'd become my real Fear.
Then like ſome ſullen Ghoſt I ſigh and groan,
To ſee my Treaſure ſtoln away, and gone.
My Fancy's wrack'd, my Thoughts in ſpite of Fate
Her Lovers pleaſures, but my Pains create.
Then I to *Phryne* in her kind Reply,
And every Curſe is Eccho to a Lye.
Whatever part off all my Curſes fail,
That you may live Diſtreſs'd, let that prevail!
'Tis Juſt, ye Gods, 'tis juſt at length, that ſhe
Who caus'd my Grief, ſhould live in Grief, like me.

On the DEATH *of the late Renown'd, Learned and Honourable Mr. ROBERT BOYLE.*

FOr *Boyle*, the Learned *Boyle*, is this Complaint,
Who liv'd Philoſopher, who dy'd a Saint:
And intermix'd with the Angelick Crew,
Augments their Company, and Knowledge too.
Such was his Learning, ſuch his Piety,
That ev'n his Phyſicks taught Divinity.
Never ſuch Gifts from Heaven, to Man were given,
Never ſuch Gratitude re-paid to Heaven.
Farewel ye ancient *Bards*, a doting Crew:
Who no more Nature, than its Author, knew;
Ev'n thee, great *Stagirite*, we bid Adieu!
Whom greater *Boyle* precedes, in our Eſteem,
Far more in Worth, than thou doſt him in Time.
Compare both Phyſicks, and to uſe thy Term,
Thine the *firſt Matter*, his appears the *Form*.
Thus *Boyle* re-acts thy part; Excell'd, we ſee,
By thee, Thy *Maſter*; by thy *Scholar*, Thee.

Nor was he perfect in this Art alone,
Philoſophy (alas too rarely known!)
Went hand in hand with his Religion.
* Others think fit to load the teeming Preſs, * Mr. Hobbs &c
With ſtudious Effects of Wickedneſs;
And while myſterious Nature they unfold,
Deny the Providence they there behold;
But *Boyle* as Pious, as Experienc'd grown,
Their Wiſdom knew, their Folly left unknown.
As oft to Church, as Library, he went;
His Time in Prayer, as well as Study ſpent.
His Practice did their Arguments deny,
Too proud to own a Sovereign Deity;
And taught that *Truth* was true Philoſophy.
So God-like Wiſe, ſo God-like Good was he,
Himſelf ſeem'd *what* they'd not allow to be:
So prudently did he his Notions fram,
That his like Goſpel-writings may reclaim.
The Temple-walls, like Priſons, ne're confin'd
His in-exhauſted, his all-pious Mind.
When Flames he view'd, he did like them *aſpire*;
Thinking on him who is *Conſuming Fire*.
When he for Air the ſecond Station lay,
He thought of him whom Air and *Winds obey*:

When

When he the Water's Nature did ſurvey,
He thought of him *whoſe Path is in the Sea.*
When he of weighty Earth the Nature view'd,
He ſhewing that, him *whoſe the Earth was*, ſhew'd.
His Touch-ſtone Judgment Metal's Nature try'd,
(Nature in them, as they in Earth, lay hid)
Each in his Eye exceeds an *Indian* Mine;
There lies his ſought for *Pearl*, the *Work Divine*,
What others gazing towards the Heavenly Throne
Beheld, he oft beheld by looking down.

But now he's Summon'd to the Heavenly Quire,
With refin'd Knowledge, with enlarg'd Deſire.
Where raviſh'd with the Beatifick ſhow,
Scorns Nature's *Glaſs*, through which he view'd below.
He clearly now does Nature's God adore,
Whom in his Works he *darkly* ſaw before.
Tho' if compar'd to our leſs skilful view,
That Sight was clear, that Beatifick too.
While he throughout the Maze of Nature trac'd,
No Foot-ſteps mov'd ſo ſure, none mov'd ſo faſt:
Till all the *Labyrinth* at length Diſplay'd,
He found the Monſter, *Death*, within it laid.
Thus having in his Life all other try'd,
Death one *Experiment* remain'd; he Dy'd.

Ev'n

* Ev'n Nature who before he Liv'd, lay Dead,
In Gratitude his vital Spirits fed;
And Crown'd with *hoary Diadem* his Head:
Who to his care extending her Relief,
Made him End all Experiments with Life.

* *He liv'd to a great Age.*

On the Death *of* Admiral CARTER.

† NOT He who did the * Fatal Grave betray,
Wherein obſcure, once fam'd, *Alcides* lay,
Felt ſuch a Wound, by poyſonous Arrows ſtung,
(Juſt Arrow that reveng'd their Maſter's † wrong)
As that which now torments my troubled Breaſt,
By ſomething worſe than poyſonous Darts oppreſt;
While I the Death of that Great *Hero* tell,
Which more did him, than others he excel.
Oh! that for thee I could a Column rear,
More noble than *Alcides* Pillars were!
(For thou with him in both his Acts doſt ſhare,
Renown'd alike for Travels, and for War)

† Philoctetes. * *Becauſe* Troy *was Conquer'd by revealing the Arrows which therein were hid.* † *Breach of Promiſe.*

It

It ſhould at once a double Honour ſhew,
Thy *Ne-plus-ultra*, and thy Trophy too.
If Tears and Sighs could with the Fates prevail,
With Tears and Sighs I would thy Fate repel:
Thy Corps I'de animate with laſting Sighs,
Thy wither'd Plant with ſhowers from mine Eyes.
But *watry* Eyes in common Burials ſhare,
Many for thee ſhall drop a *Crimſon Tear.*
Till they, who dar'd Immortal *Blood to ſpill,*
Make with their Own the neighbouring Channels ſwell:
And bluſh for this their Crime in Scarlet Gore,
Whom modeſt Awe ne're painted Red before.
When firſt the News of thy Deceaſe was known,
They who bewail'd thy Fate, bewail'd their Own.
What Horrour ſcar'd them? Death to *Carter* ſent,
The Living more than Dying did Torment,
Each Viſage gather'd Paleneſs at thy Fall:
Death ſeizing thee, Death's Image ſeiz'd on All.
Oh! Diſmal ſhout! altho' no Mother's Cries,
No Widow's Groans there preſent rend the Skies;
Altho' no doleful Paſſing-Bell they hear,
Lo! worſe than Paſſing-Bell renew'd their Fear.
Canons too truly thy Departure ſpoke,
Thy *Lamp* extinct thus left behind a Smoak:

The

The Winds and Waves Emphatically *Roar*,
They both thy End, and *England*'s Loſs deplore.
When Fame, thy Harbinger, to *Portſmouth* came,
And chang'd thy Great into a Greater Name;
Shewing how thy Heroick Soul alone,
Proof againſt Force, and Fraud alike could ſhun
The *Leaden Arrow*, and the *Golden* One;
Deſire takes Wings, aſcends the City-wall,
Expecting Triumphs, not a Funeral;
With greedy Eyes each ſeek to view thee thence,
A Place as fit for Proſpect as Defenſe.
All waiting thy Return cry, Come away,
The Monſter's Conquer'd, why does *Theſeus* ſtay?
Till they the Fate of *Ægeus* undergo,
(Oh! that at leaſt they were miſtaken ſo!)
No ſooner *Carter*'s Mourning-Flag they found,
But, were in Tears, *the Sea of Sorrow*, drown'd.
Straight in the Church, with ſolemn Prayers convey'd,
His Corps Inter'd, almoſt Ador'd, they laid.
While Links and Torches grac'd the Mourning Night;
Adding more Horrour, than they added Light.
Methinks the *Screech-owl*-Trumpets pierce my Ear,
The *Death-watch* beats, the *untun'd* Drum I hear.

A numerous Train demurely March along;
Alike were Drums, alike all Hearts, *Unſtrung.*
Th' *Officious* Guns, as if they would repay
For all thoſe Lives they oft had tan'e away;
In vain a rouzing *Conclamatum* gave;
Still lies Great *Carter* in his humble Grave,
Where deſcribe this as humble Epitaph:
He, Faithful He, who Underneath does Lye,
Died, by Refuſing to Deſerve to Dye.
The reſt I leave to be by them made Good
Whoſe Pens are Daggers, and whoſe Ink is Blood.
May Grief be Valours Spur! for want of thee,
May each Couragious, Stout, nay *Carter* be!
May hoſtile Crowds at *Pluto*'s Court appear,
Not to Reſiſt, but to Attend thee there!
Whoſe Skulls on Earth, may raiſe an Heap ſo high,
That *Slaughter*'s *Mount* ſhall Natur's Hills out-vie,
Till they a fatal Pyramid preſent,
And their *Diſgrace* become thy *Monument.*

Love,

LOVE *Reigns Every-where.*

MErcury once by Jove was ſent
Through Heaven, to call a Parliament;
All to the Houſe of Lords repair;
(For ſure there were no Commons there)
The reaſon was, each God might know,
And knowing to his Province go:
That ſo great Jove might be releas'd;
While Throngs of Gods and Cares decreas'd.
Firſt let each Element (ſaid he)
Have its peculiar Deity.
Next o're whole Nations, then o're Towns,
Let all have their Reſpective Crowns.
Laſtly appoint a King o're Hell:
Unhappy God who there muſt dwell!
Unhappy he! 'tis he alone
Who muſt go downwards to a Throne.
The Lot's drawn out deſide the Caſe,
Aſſigning each his proper Place.

Su-

Supremacy was given to none,
None but might ſomewhat call his Own.
Cupid, a beardleſs Boy, was left
Of Power and Manhood too bereft.
Who in a Paſſion rail'd at *Jove*,
(*Paſſion* the uſual Gueſt of Love.)
Why muſt not I have ſomething too?
I am a God as well as You.
To whom *Jove* tartly thus; *Fond Fool*,
Thou to be Rul'd art, not to Rule.
I cannot thy Petition grant,
Who more doſt Rod than Scepter want.
No; if need be, I'le in thy ſtead,
Sooner intruſt ev'n *Ganymede*.
The Youth, enrag'd at this Reply,
Reſolv'd his utmoſt Power to try.
His furious Heat wracks every Breaſt,
Nor Gods, nor Men, nor Fiends have reſt.
Pluto, and his infernal Crew
With *Cupid*'s Fire their Flames renew:
Whoſe Legions are by this increas'd,
In that they are with Love poſſeſs'd.
Departed Ghoſts own him their Head;
Love dies not ev'n among the Dead.

Earth

Earth yields her Might, as weak, to his;
And Man, her Lord, his Vaſſal is:
Captiv'd by his own Ear, or Eye;
From Beauty, or from Harmony.
For comely Features (as we view)
Pierce deeper than his Arrows do:
And Muſick-ſtrings as fatal grow,
As thoſe wherewith he bends his Bow.
The Fowls perceive his Tyranny,
Who ſhoots more ſwift than they can fly.
The little Flocks become his Prize,
By Love a Burning Sacrifice.
All undergo the Victims doom,
Who, tho' they die not, they conſume:
And in ſhort Pantings pine away;
Leſs greivous are Death's Pangs than they.
The vaſter Herd have this deſire,
Living, like *Brazen-Bulls*, breath Fire.
No Inſect from this Plague is free:
Love, naught's too great, too ſmall for Thee,
Nor doſt to Land confine thy ſtay;
Thou too doſt *Neptune*'s Trident ſway.
For thy *Amphibious* Deity,
Plungeth it ſelf into the Sea.

Through

Through frothy Waves its Power it ſhows:
The Son dives where the Mother roſe.
There Sea-Nymphs, Fiſhes there, in ſcorn
Of all the mighty Ocean, burn:
No longer watry Tides admire,
Feeling within them *Tides of Fire.*
Nor does he only Reign below;
The Gods to him Obeiſance owe.
Vulcan, and's Servant *Polypheme*,
Proof againſt *Ætna's* hotteſt Flame,
Can't ſuſtain his; by which they prove,
That Fire it ſelf Burns leſs than Love.
Ev'n *Mars* his Armour is not found
Secure enough againſt this Wound.
Who, bound by *Mulciber*, remains
A Captive Lover fit for Chains.
Phœbus, whoſe glorious Rays beſtow
Both Light and Warmth to all below;
Altho' he burns not with the ſame,
He burns with Love's much fiercer Flame.
Ev'n *Jove* (ſuch Feats can *Cupid* do)
Submits his Thunder to his Bow:
And, bowing towards *Acriſius's* Tower,
Pays him a *Tributary Shower.*

Nay that he may his Duty ſhew,
He leaves his Heaven, his God-head too.
He's Bull, or Swan, what not? to prove,
Jove rules the World, and *Cupid Jove.*
Thus all things are within his Sphere,
His Royal-ſeat is every where;
While all Below, and all Above,
Become one Empire, Rul'd by *Love.*

On the Barbarous Execution of Dr. WILLIAM LAUD, *ſometime* Lord Arch-Biſhop *of* Canterbury.

IT was the time, when Days paſs'd dimnly on,
Not to be meaſur'd by the *gazing* Sun,
Who drew a *Cloudy Curtain* o're his Head,
While *Crown* and *Mitre* were to Scaffold led.
Heaven, cleft with Lightning, caſt a *ghaſtly Look*,
And claps of Thunder our Diſtractions ſpoke.
Clouds guſh'd out drops for thoſe our Martyrs ſhed;
More numerous, leſs precious than the Red:
When the beſt Argument for being Good,
Was to ſeek *Canaan* through *Red-Seas* of Blood.

Lam-

Lambeth perhaps had never ſpent a Tear,
Had no Arch-Biſhop built his Pallace there.
The Pious *LAUD* muſt impious Rage appeaſe,
Becauſe *Unbleniſh'd*, He's a *Sacrifice*.
For Crimes unknown he was by thoſe Arraign'd,
Who merited the Death for him, deſign'd.
And were their inward dark Receſſes ſeen,
Bradſhaw the Priſoner, *LAUD* the Judge had been.
Undaunted *LAUD* knew no Aſſaults of Fear;
Thoſe are the Fearful, who the Guilty are.
His quiet Conſcience ſtill poſſeſſes Reſt,
As being ſtill with Innocence poſſeſt.
The Waves may roar; the threatning Billows ſwell;
Wild Rage may fathom the Abyſs of Hell;
Yet he, whom preſent Death removes to Bliſs,
Laughs at their Frowns, whoſe wiſh conſpires with his.
His ſtedfaſt Soul was reſolutely Good;
Then moſt Courageous, when by moſt withſtood.
And after all that Malice could afford;
The *Arm of Fleſh* was weaker than the *Spirit's Sword*.
For 'tis to him true Valour does belong,
Who Dies ſuſtaining, not redreſſing Wrong.
Down on the *Block* his ſacred Head he lay,
Praying for thoſe who ſcarce would let him pray.

And kneeling there, perhaps was Curs'd by them,
Who had crav'd Bleſſings on their Knees from him.
The factious Rout that wicked Hand applaud,
Which with one ſtroke Beheads the Church and *Land*.
But Angels look, and tremble at his Doom;
Tremble, and Look; yet wiſh his Soul were come:
As they deſcend the welcome Prize to bear,
They ſtay themſelves upon more ſolid Air:
And while Juſt Men the Pride of *England* Mourn,
Increaſe their Company as they Return.
Thus Dy'd the Pious, the Couragious Saint;
Chief of the Church, the Church that's *Militant*.
Why does his Day, his fatal Day appear,
As undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar Year!
Let Heaven regard what Time has made unknown;
And when we loſt our Glory, hide its own.
Let gloomy Shades our baſe Neglect betray,
And by Concealing, thus Reveal the Day;
A day as Black as was his Judges Crime,
Black as the Crime they falſly laid on him.

On

On the Power of Muſick.

WHat Muſe, tho' *Songſtreſs*, can reveal
The Charms that in bleſt Muſick dwell?
Firſt to Great *WILLIAM*'s Camp repair,
And view its Magick Power there.
Trumpets the Souldier's ſtrength renew;
Theſe are the *Arms* that moſt ſubdue.
Theſe animate the Meek, the Tame;
Theſe blow the *Dead Coals* into Flame.
Theſe cure a Wound; theſe heal a Scar;
Theſe breath the very Soul of War.
Let *Joſhua* ſpeak in Trumpets ſound,
The *Walls obey*, and Tumble down.
Go to a Feaſt, or Funeral;
Muſick adapts it ſelf to all.
This does the drooping Spirit chear,
This is the *Language* of Deſpair;
This raiſes Laughter, draws a Tear.
Are you in peril on the Main?
Let but *Arion*'s Harp complain

The *Dolphins* to your Reſcue haſt,
And by their Aid you are Releaſt.
What Man need dread the Shades below,
Did he with this Companion go?
Theſeus, for want of this, remains,
And there beholds his Friend in Chains.
Aſſiſtance brought from Harmony,
Had made *Pirithous* as free,
As once it made *Euridice*.
The place no Groans, no Howling fills;
This Noiſe all other Noiſes ſtills.
The wretched Ghoſts attentive are,
And *Snakes* unfold themſelves to hear.
Fiends to *Good Nature* it beguiles;
Cerberus fawns; each *Fury* ſmiles.
Credit *Pythagoras* his Ear,
Soft Muſick tunes the *Studded* Sphere:
Raviſh'd with which the Planets rove,
And fix'd Stars (falſly call'd ſo) move.
Such is its Vertue, ſo ſublime;
They dance, while Sun and Moon *keep Time*.
Thus things Inanimate obey,
And ſhall Man leſs be mov'd than they?

Shall

Shall Wood upbraid us, or ſhall Stone?
Both by *Harmonious Artiſts* drawn.
Sure that which could a Paſſion make,
Should Paſſions Lull'd aſleep, awake.
Our very Heart-ſtrings ought to ſute,
And tremble with the ſtringed Lute.
Thoſe, whom *Broad ways* to Heaven lead,
While they through ſtately Temples tread;
By the ſweet Symphony that's there,
Do make of One an *Hymn* and *Pray'r*:
Such *Solemn* Pleaſure is confer'd,
That *Duty* ſeems its own Reward.
But Muſick, tho' a preſent Bliſs,
Of future an Idea is.
When we at Things above us gueſs,
And what's unſpeakable Expreſs,
We ſay the Heav'ns with Anthems Ring,
And Angels *Hallelujahs* ſing.
Tho' Golden Cherubims were made,
(Like *Solomon*'s) with Wings diſplay'd,
Tho' Objects pleaſing moſt the ſight,
Were all improv'd to th'utmoſt height;
This would more clearly Heav'n deſcry,
This ſets the *Ear* above the *Eye*.

But Verſe alone can never ſhew
The praiſe to Muſick's Power due.
Joyn'd in *Apollo both* we ſee,
The God of *It*, and Poetry.
You that can imitate the God,
And tread the Path that he has trod;
Add merry Harp, and mournful Flute,
Take well-ſtrung Violin, and Lute:
Tho' you Heroick Actions ſing,
Adore ſome God; Extol ſome King:
If at the Signal given *by Time*,
Their Notes ſtrike in, and *ſweeten* Rhime;
Whoever hears them, hearing ſays,
They *ſpeak* their *own* in *others* praiſe.

Tro-

TROAS. Act the Firſt.

Where Hecuba *complains of her Misfortunes.*

Hecuba Sola.

A Crown is but a *Gilded, Fickle* Toy
To One who firſt reflects on Me, and *Troy*;
Troy, now no more, a *Sooty* Ruine ſtands,
Built by *Immortal*, Ras'd by mortal Hands.
Her mighty Troops, in forreign Countries bred,
Are either bravely Slain, or baſely Fled.
Immerſt ſhe lay in *ſhining Waves* of Flame;
Flame that firſt caus'd, and then diſclos'd her ſhame.
But Oh! too weak to ſnatch the wealthy Prey,
Which fiercer *Greecians* bore through Flames away.
Thick *ſmoaky* Clouds, (as knowing what was done)
Aſcend apace to ſtop the flying Sun;
In vain they Veil his Face; he poſts away,
And *Troy*'s black Night bereaves the World of Day.
The bloody *Greek* our *ſpatious* Ruine views;
And takes for *Viſion* what too true it ſhews.

He

He ſenſeleſs Wretch, his Senſes dares not truſt:
How fear'd he *Troy*, who trembles at her Duſt?
He owns her worthy of a Ten Years Seige,
Of Ten times Ten Years; worthy of an Age.
The tottering Relicks of her ſhapeleſs Wall,
Give their *laſt Nod*, and threaten as they fall.

I ſwear by all the angry Powers above,
By *Priam*'s Ghoſt; by all I fear, or love;
The Loſs we ſuffer was fore-warn'd by me;
I ev'n *foretold Caſſandra*'s Prophecy;
I ſpoke as True, was thought as Falſe as She.
Forgive *Ulyſſes*, Pardon *Sinon*; I
Wrought this Deſtruction; I deſerve to die.
The fatal Torch was *lighted* in my Womb;
Wretch that I am, it did not me conſume,
When I grew Pregnant with the *Trojan Doom*.

But why do I *ſtale* Grievances relate,
Omitting Greater of a freſher Date?
I ſaw the King before the Altar lye,
The proſtrate King adore the Gods, and dye.
Bold *Pyrrhus* caught, Bold *Pyrrhus* ſlew him there,
Held by the *Cords* of his own twiſted Hair.
Yet he with leſs Regret did Death receive,
Than any could (but he who gave it) give.

No

No Reverence (due to Temples) check'd his Rage,
Nor preſent Gods; nor *Priam*'s ſacred Age;
No, nor his Death: He does his Corps abuſe,
And the Grave's *Quarters* to his Foe refuſe.
Troy's Fun'ral Flames none to her King allow,
The only Good Misfortune could beſtow.
Nor is this all; his Royal Family
(Once ſerv'd by Lords) to Lords muſt Servants be.
Lo! they caſt Lots. One *Dreams* of *Hector*'s Bed,
Another *Helenus* his Spouſe would wed.
A Third is kindled with *Antenor*'s Fires.
Caſſandra too is ſought. Theſe each requires:
My Lot is thought a Blank; me none deſires.
Me all Men dread. Is none concern'd but I?
Help me, my Mates, who ſuffer ſilently,
Help me to ſhew your, and my Miſery.
Pay *Troy* your laſt *Reſpects*. Weep, ſigh, and tear
Your Garments; after theſe, your Breaſt and Hair.
Let *Ida* Eccho forth our mournful Song;
That *fatal Soil* whence our Misfortune *ſprung*.

Upon

Upon the Unſeaſonable Heat and Drought in April, *Anno Domini* 1694.

VENUS, Unkind, as thou art Fair!
To leave thy Month at Random here.
April from Thee derives its Name;
From thee it does Protection claim.
But thou a Foe to open Wars;
A Friend to Lovers ſecret Jars,
Perhaps art fled with *winged* pace
To make thy *Mars* his Fury ceaſe;
His *Bloody* Paſſions diſapprove,
And mould them into thoſe of Love.
The ſtubborn God at firſt denies,
At laſt he's *ſmitten*, and *complies*.
Thus little Dreaming any ill,
Endeavouring to Save, you Kill.
Thy Abſence here caus'd greater Rage,
Then there thy Preſence can aſſwage.

While

While fiery *Vulcan* ſent by You
(Your Husband and your Vaſſal too)
Does with regret your Place ſupply;
Then ſuch diſtructive Flames let fly,
As *Aetna* yield, and Jealouſy.
And by the Heat they did produce,
You'd almoſt think 'twere *Hell broke looſe.*
No welcome Clouds o're-caſt the Sky,
Too long Serene to pleaſe the Eye.
No parti-colour'd *Iris* ſeen
To dye the Trees, and Meadows Green.
The thirſty Earth aſunder cleaves,
And *gapes* for Drink, but none receives.
Rivers their Aid no longer lent,
Rivers no more; their Waters ſpent,
The Iſland grows a Continent.
Deep Waters into *ſhallows* ſhrink;
The Sea it ſelf has need of Drink.
Phœbus with his Red jolly Face,
In vain expects a *Cooling-Glaſs.*
He reaches out his Beams in vain,
Still empty they return again.
Unuſual paleneſs ſhews the Moon,
For want of Moiſture ſickly grown.

The

The *Heavenly Torches* hov'ring ſtand,
Like parting Flames above a Brand;
And wanting Fuel to their Fire,
Twinkle, as if they would Expire.
Yet loth to periſh all alone,
And ſee no Ruine but their own;
Downwards their hidden Poyſons flow,
And ſcatter Death where e're they go:
While burning Feavers they create,
Fore-runners of poor Mortals Fate:
Whoſe reſtleſs Torture is confin'd
To Beds, for quiet Eaſe deſign'd.
Not ſhe, whom once in *Nero*'s Bed
Fore-boding Dreams with Flames o're-ſpread,
And ſleep, Death's Image, painted Dead;
Endur'd ſuch Anguiſh in her *Reſt*,
As theſe by *wakeful Fires* oppreſt.
Who ſeiz'd with this Tyrannick ill,
More than her Dreams could fanſy, feel:
Their Heat admits of no allay;
And only will with Life decay.
The drops of Sweat diſtil in vain;
Their *liquid* Heat increas'd the Pain.

Nor

Nor would their Shirts afflict them more ;
Had *Neſſus* dip'd them in his Gore.
Thus tortur'd they reſign their Breath,
Proof againſt any Cold, but Death.
No ſhiv'ring Ague dares appear :
That *leſſer Ill* we us'd to fear ;
Companion of the Springing Year :
Expel'd by greater Miſeries,
With *fear* it *trembles*, as it flies.
The ſcorched Air ſtill breaths out Woes,
And the *ſhort* Hell grants no Repoſe.
No *Zephyr's* gentle *whiſpers* ſay,
Come forth ye tender Buds ! for they
Within the Bark had rather lye,
Than at their very Birth to dye.
If any Scorning to lye hid,
Stept out in haſt ; their Morning Pride
Before the wiſht for Evening dy'd.
Their Beauty ſet before the Sun,
Before the Day, their Life was gone.
Too ſoon the parched Leaves did fade,
And of the Spring an Autumn made.
The Field a *Yellow Off-ſpring* bears ;
The Corn is *Straw* before it *Ears*.

Yet

Yet theſe but too faint Emblems are,
Of thoſe Diſeaſes Mortals ſhare.
The Conquerour, the Stout, the Brave,
Is the more potent Feavers Slave.
Blood free from all impure Deſires,
Boils faſter than with *Youthful* Fires.
Nor are decrepit Limbs ſecure:
The *chill* of Fourſcore muſt endure,
And wax warm with *another's Rage*;
This Heat will *thaw* that frozen Age.
As Clock-wheels, which too ſlow have gone,
Aided by Oyl, out-ſtrip the Sun;
With too much haſt their Sloth repay,
And wear the Time too faſt away:
So this Diſeaſe where e're it Reigns,
Tho ſeated in exhauſted Veins;
Driving with too impetuous ſtrife,
O'rethrows the *Vehicle* of Life.
And thoſe whom ling'ring Sloth might ſave,
Are thus *ſet forward* to their Grave.
The Stripling, that has juſt begun
The Race of Life; like *Phaeton*,
O're-power'd by Heat, comes tumbling down,
And finds it *Ev'ning*, e're 'tis *Noon*.

Scarce

Scarce any Town or City free
From this deſtroying Enemy.
The Plow-ſhare's beat into a Spade.
Graves are as thick, as Furrows made.
Where e're you paſs, a Corps you meet,
And Coffins crowd through every Street.
There's ſcarce a Houſhold in a Town,
But grieves at leaſt the loſs of One.
The *Winding-ſheet* about the Dead
Grows as *familiar* with the Bed,
As thoſe wherewith 'tis over-laid.
While all our *April Showers* ariſe
From Widows, or from *Orphans* Eyes.
All Cheeks beſmear'd with *Pearly dew*,
Inſtruct the Clouds how they ſhould do.
But now the angry Powers relent,
Away our Grief with *April* went.
The Mountains *laugh*, the Valleys *ſing*;
And every Bird *ſalutes* the Spring.
A cooling Wind does firſt appeaſe,
Then blows away the hot Diſeaſe.
Ev'n Heaven conſcious of our woe
(As *alter'd Looks* do plainly ſhew)

Diſſolves with Pity into Showers,
And ſo removes what it deplores.

A Speech *of* SCÆVA, *who Commanded under* Cæſar, *To his Flying Souldiers.* Lucan. Book VI.

WHat Fear your narrow Souls from Fight withdrew;
A Fear unknown to all that *Cæſar* knew?
Mean Slaves! to ſpare their Bloud from whom you fly;
Theirs, who ſeek Yours. Dare ye not *turn*, and Dye?
For ſhame, the *fleſhy Hills* of Heroes view!
Die to revenge their Death, who Dy'd for You.
But yet, ſuppoſe you could Ungrateful prove;
Let *Anger* move the Mind unmov'd by *Love*.
The Foe takes us alone for Cowards, they,
Who by Retreating would enlarge his way.
Sure, ſure his *Paſs-port* ſhall be dearly bought,
Pompey ſhall wade through Bloud to cut my Throat.
I could with greater Joy were *Cæſar* by,
I will not ſay, with greater Courage Dye:
But ſince he cannot ſee me, *Pompey* ſhall;
Pompey, who feels me, ſhall approve my Fall.

Ruſh

Ruſh on, my Mates! and meeting, break his Darts;
Make blunt their Iron with your *harder* Hearts.
The *duſty Clouds* we *ſetting Suns*, do raiſe.
The Shouts that tell our Ruine, and our Praiſe;
Swift, as the Sound, ſhall bring Great *Caſar* here;
When thoſe have reach'd his Eye, and theſe his Ear.
Let's die *Viſtorious*! He, when we are gone,
Will reap the Conqueſt which our Valour won.

On the DEATH *of a Skilful, but Unhappy* Organiſt.

THoughtful and Sad, the ſweet Muſician lay;
No *Healing Melody* drove Care away;
Which to Hell-Torments might have brought Relief;
Phyſick to any, but its Owner's Grief.
No pleaſant Paſtime thoſe fierce Pains aſſwage,
Which make a Moment *ſwell* into an Age.
Grief clip'd *Time*'s Wing, and ſo, beyond the ſleight
Of Nature, lengthen'd *at once* Day and Night.
Sleep, as affrighted, left his troubled Breaſt,
And nothing leſs than Death can give him Reſt,

Epigram XIV.

The Words of a Dying Wife to her Husband.

ARRIA the Sword, drawn from her Bowels, took;
And giving it to her Dear *Pætus*, ſpoke:
Truſt me, I can this Stroke with eaſe ſuſtain;
This gives the *Wound*, 'tis Yours will cauſe the *Pain*.

Epigram XXII.

On Porſenna, *and* Mucius Scævola.

WHen *Mucius* the *deceitful* Weapon drew,
Which not *Porſenna*, but his Noble ſlew;
Enrag'd he thruſt his hand into the Flame,
That erring Hand which ſo miſtook his Aim.
The milder Tyrant bid him ſtraight retire,
And ſnatch'd the *living Fire-brand* from the Fire.
Here hoſtile Pity does Self-love excel,
Grieving to ſee what he Rejoyc'd to feel.
T'have kill'd *Porſenna* had leſs Glory brought,
This has a Triumph o're a Triumph wrought.

Ep-

Epigram XXVI.

To Fauſtinus, *A Modeſt Writer.*

YOUR Thoughts, correctly in your Papers dreſt,
Lie hid, as when imperfect in your Breaſt.
How would your Writings pleaſe the *Gracians*! how
Unknit our Criticks, tho' an *aged Brow*!
Why will you ſhut out Fame that knocks at Door?
Why will you when you may be Rich, be Poor?
You are too tedious, if you wait for Death,
Who will take Yours, to give your Poems *breath*.
No, let them rather with their Author thrive;
Of Life both worthy, both together Live.

Epigram XXXIV.

On a Deceitful Mourner.

Gellia, alone, her Father's Death forbears
To Mourn; yet *entertains* her Gueſts with tears;
Who takes a pride in Grief, without it Lives:
Who Grieves ſincerely, he in Secret Grieves:
Retir'd, as is the Grave, his Sorrow keeps;
Mute, as the Body therein Buried, weeps.

Ep-

Epigram XXXVII.

To Lucanus *and* Tullus, *Two Loving Brothers.*

DID You, ſo like the *Starry Pair* Above,
Share in their Fate, as you ſurpaſt their Love;
Your Pious Conteſt had their Fame out-gone;
Obſcur'd their *Luſtre* with a brighter *Sun*:
While each would with unwilling Glory riſe;
Each with ambitious Haſt forſake the Skies,
And he who firſt did to the Shades deſcend;
Would thus beſpake his Brother, and his Friend;
Live out your Date; and when my Turn is dun,
Supply his Life, who only lives in You.

Book IV. Epigram XVI.

On a Boy *Kill'd by the Dropping of an* Icicle.

THere is a Place they call *Capena's* Gate;
Sweating beneath the conſtant Waters weight.

A Beardleſs Youth as he was paſſing by,
Here unawares fell in his Deſtiny:
The *liquid Weapon* by the Heat it found,
Deſtroy'd it ſelf, and him that felt the Wound.
Who ever could like cruel Fortune dare?
Who ever daring could ſucceed like Her?
At whoſe Command a *pointed* Drop does prove
As fatal, as a *Deluge* ſent by *Jove*.

Epigram XLIV.

A Deſcription of the Mountain Veſuvius.

HEre pleaſant Vines once caſt a gloomy Shade,
Fit to conceal thoſe Crimes their Juice had made.
Here once the Fat'ning flow'd with Wine; this Grove,
Bacchus did far beyond his *Nyſa* love.
Here *Satyrs*, when they could not Walk, by chance
Stagger'd and Reel'd themſelves into a Dance.
Here *Hercules*, Here *Venus* choſe to dwell,
Their Heaven in reſpect of this was Hell.
Now all to Flames, from Flames to Aſhes turn;
And poor *Alcides* once again muſt Burn.

While

While the too late repenting Gods confess,
They wish this Ruine, and their Power less.

Epigram LXXVIII.

On Varus *Derided for his Poor Entertainment.*

WHen *Varus* made me his Unhappy Gueſt,
Rich Preparations ſham'd the ſcanty Feaſt.
The Table ſo incumber'd was with Gold,
As if he meant it ſhould no Victuals hold.
While all things thus in ample Order lye,
They ſtarve the Belly; only glutt the Eye.
Kind *Varus*, I deſign'd with thee to Night
To gratifie my Palate, not my Sight.
Pritheé, or Feed me with ſubſtantial Meat;
Or Feed me not with Hopes of any Treat.

Book V. Epigram VII.

To Vulcan, *that he would Spare* Rome, *having already ſuffer'd by Fire.*

THe Aged *Phœnix* finds in Death relief,
Deſtroy'd by Fire, that *kindles* into Life;

So

So *Rome* in Flames *refin'd* her ancient *Ruſt*,
So found prolifick Vertue in her Duſt.
Her New-born looks all Glorious and Severe;
Proud, and *Imperious* as *Domitian's* are.
Vulcan forgive! forgive our Founder's wrong.
Tho' we from *Mars*; we too from *Venus* ſprung.
Then may thy Wife ſo Chaſt and Gentle prove,
As to forget all *Bonds* but thoſe of Love.

Epigram LXXV.

On Pompey, *and his Sons.*

BOth *Aſia*, *Europe*, and the *Libyan* Coaſt
Declare how *Pompey*, and his Sons are loſt.
Learn to admire their Greatneſs by their Doom,
Whoſe very Aſhes made the World their Tomb.

Book VI. Epigram XXVIII.

An Epitaph.

HEre underneath this Marble Tomb
Lies, once the Pride, now Grief of *Rome*.
His Morals Chaſt; Severe his Meen;
For Vertues Ripe; for Vices Green.

Beauty

Beauty was on his Body writ,
His Soul the Image bore of Wit.
Which, like the God of it, Deceas'd
After Twelve Years, its *Twelve Signs* paſs'd.
May he, whoſe Tears lament this Boy,
Or never Weep, or *weep* for Joy.

Book VII. Epigram IV.

To Cæſar, *deſiring his ſpeedy Return to* Rome, *having Overthrown his Enemies.*

IF you regard the joint Requeſt of *Rome*,
Anſwer their Pray'rs, excite their Joy, and come.
We envy our more happy Conquer'd Foe;
And think it Conqueſt to be Vanquiſh'd ſo.
None ſure can their Captivity deplore,
Who ſee the God, whom we unſeen Adore.
For while they with delight your awful Preſence view,
Your Arms their Hands, and *You* their Hearts ſubdue.

Ep.

Epigram XXI.

A Petition to the Morning-Star, that by an Early Appearance it would haſten Domitian *in his Journey towards* Rome.

NO longer, *Phoſphorus*, our Joys delay
Ceſar expects when you will lead the way,
And Uſher in *One* Brighter than the Day,
So expects *Rome*. I fear the *Northern Bear*
Has ſuck'd you up into its *Vortex* there!
You move as Heavily as that, as Slow;
And in ſo doing ſeem as *Savage* too.
If you are Tir'd; that you may make more Speed,
Caſtor (for *Ceſar*'s ſake) will lend his Fiery Steed.
Officious *Phœbus* does your Leiſure wait,
His Horſes wonder they ſet out ſo late.
Aurora lies awake, and fain would riſe;
Yet ſtill the Stars refuſe to cloſe their Eyes.
The *chequer'd* Sky with its *fix'd Eyes* does view
Too many to be told; to look, too few.
The Moon, which hitherto had ſeen but One,
Stays longing to behold *another Sun*.

Well

Well, ſince 'tis ſo; come *Ceſar*, come in ſpight
Of Moon, and Stars, of *Nature's Skreen*, the Night.
Command your Coach-man to drive ſwiftly on;
Yours is to us the *Chariot of the Sun*.

Epigram XXXVI.

On Domitian's *Stately Building.*

CEaſe *Egypt*, ceaſe thy Wonders to declare;
Thy Pyramids muſt yield to Larger here.
Memphis, ſtruck Dumb with ſhame, in ſilence dwell;
Nor *proudly* with thy *artificial Mountains ſwell.*
How mean were theſe, were *Ceſar's* Houſe in view!
That *greateſt* Miracle the World can ſhew.
Sev'n Turrets, high as *Rome's* Seven Hills, appear:
Pelion would ſeem a Valley, were it near.
The *Bank* the Giants *caſt againſt the Skies*
Beneath the Nod of *Ceſar's* Palace lies.
Whoſe Spires ſerene, as Heav'n they enter, ſhow;
And look with Scorn on Thunder-Clouds below.
The Sun, *Domitian*, takes it as his due,
To ſee his Daughter *Circe* after you.

Yet

Yet tho' theſe Buildings may with Heav'n compare
For Bulk and Beauty; they, like Heaven, appear
Too mean, too little for the God that's there.

Epigram LIV.

To CÆSAR.

THo' large and frequent Bleſſings you beſtow,
Conquering your ſelf with Kindneſs, as with Arms your Foe;
'Tis not your Gifts your Perſon make approv'd,
But 'tis the Love of This makes theſe Belov'd.

Epigram LIX.

On a Thief, *who had loſt One of His Eyes.*

A Bold Face'd Thief had One Eye left alone;
Nor wept that One Eye for the other gone.
Venture him not, bereav'd of half his Light;
A *Polypheme* for Rapine, as in Sight.
Eye him at Dinner, He'll at Dinner ſteal;
At once his Belly, and his Pockets fill.

He

He ne're a Spoon or Plate behind him leaves,
Close as his Skin, his Napkin to him cleaves:
He ſcruples not to take a Cloak, or ſtole;
And tho' he brought but One, departs with Two.
If Sleep a Servant at his Labour ſeize,
His Candle's Light ſecures it not from Thieves.
But leaſt he ſhould (when Forreign Thefts are done)
Be ſoon, for want of Practice, uſeleſs grown
To ſteal his Neighbour's Goods; he ſteals his Own.

MARTIAL *Lib. Spec.* Epig. XIII.

KInd, Cruel Dart, that pierc'd a Teeming *Sow*,
Giving a Fertile, tho' a Fatal Blow;
Was it *Diana*'s Hand miſs-led thee right?
Diana Kills, *Lucina* brings to Light.
The Huntreſs does the Midwife's Office do;
Poor Brute! ſhe ſaw her One, ſhe felt her Two:
While gaping Wounds, that ſpeak her parting Breath,
At once [illegible] and let in Death.

MAR-

MARTIAL *Lib. Spec.* Epig. XXV.

THE Reaſon why theſe Waters don't deſtroy
The *Mimick*, as thoſe did the * *real Boy*,
Is plain, they're *Ceſar's*; and the Streams that flow
Can't but be gentle, when the Spring is ſo.

When bold *Leander* ſought his lovely Dame,
And Wayes oppos'd, but could not quench his Flame;
Thus trembling he beſpoke the boiſt'rous Sea,
May I my *Hero* firſt, e're you *have* me!
As I return; Rage, Swell, and Foam again!
What now Obſtructs me, will Oblige me then.

* *Leander.*

DAVID's *Unreaſonable Grief for the Death of* Abſalom.

A Youth of ſweet Deportment, lovely Mien,
All Beautiful without, all *Foul* within,
(His Body being thus by Nature *Dreſt*
To ſhame that *Part* which She Created *beſt*)
A Youth, too Delicate, you'd think for War,
Careleſs of *David*, *David's* chiefeſt Care,

Conſpir'd againſt the Peace of *Iſrael*'s Crown,
Againſt that Life to which he ow'd his Own;
His Sword made Drunken in his Brother's Gore,
Grows Thirſty now again, and ſeeks for more:
A nobler *Potion*, and a richer *Flood*,
Than was the *Second-run* of *Ammon's* Blood.
Villany, not by ſlow Degrees increas'd,
From the *mix'd Stream* the *purer Fountain* trac'd.
A tender Kid at firſt the Lyon gnaws;
The ſtronger Beaſt is for Experienc'd Paws.
And now bold *Iſr'el* follows *Abſalon*
Reſolv'd to looſe his Life, or win a Throne.

But *David* ſcorning to be thus Withſtood,
Yet without Mercy to ſubdue, too Good,
Thus ſpeaks to *Joab*, and in him, to All:
Pray ſpare my Son, but let his Army fall.
You may diſcern, (nor have I ſlightly ſhown)
The ardent Love I bear to *Abſalon*.
At *Ammon's* Death with his Regret I bore
His than the Abſence of his *Murderer*.
Whom then againſt my Will, I made Retire,
And with juſt Anger quell'd unjuſt Deſire.
'Twas you our Reconcilement firſt begun,
The Favour you have ſought, may ſtill be won.

You my good Nature to Compliance wrought;
You to *Jeruſalem* the *Exile* brought.
When Two long Years within my City ſpent,
He had endur'd a *Second Baniſhment*;
As being ſtill debar'd from ſeeing Me,
Me, who thereby was puniſh'd worſe than He;
How was I pleas'd to ſee thy Harveſt burn;
And heaps of Aſhes ſtand for Cocks of Corn?
Fit Emblem, as I thought, at once to prove
To thee the *Heat* of Rage; to Me, of Love,
Conquer, then ſuccour the afflicted Prince:
Preſerve his Life, ſuppreſs his Inſolence;
And when in him my *Youthful Self* you ſee,
Think him my Son, and not mine Enemy.
He ſpoke; and *Joab* with a flatt'ring Bow
Seem'd ready to Obey, but meant not ſo.
While *Abſalom* among the Thickets rod,
And in the Woods appear'd a *Sylvan God*;
ubduing Men with glitt'ring Sword and Spear;
Nymphs with the Treſſes of his *flowing* Hair;
v'n Oaks which ſtubborn againſt Thunder ſtood,
aid their *Reſpects*, and, as he paſs'd, they *Bow'd*.
ut One that was more *Humble* than the reſt,
tooping moſt low, its Duty o're-expreſs'd.

For now the Prince its rising Branches held,
A *mark* for *Joab*'s Dart: but *David*'s Shield
Had ſoon prevented it, had he been there;
As King he'd puniſh; as a Father, ſpare.
Witneſs his Tears which at the News appear'd,
And looks more Pale than his, whoſe Death he heard:
Witneſs his trembling Limbs; the words he ſpoke;
When thus at laſt his troubled Silence broke.

O Abſalom, my Son, my Deareſt Son,
My Son, my Son; O Deareſt Abſalon!

Why was thy blooming Age like Flowers made
To Spring ſo Beautiful, ſo ſoon to Fade.
As ſcar'd by Death, thy *Lilly-white* is fled;
Thy *Roſy* Crimſon turns to *Fading-Red*,
Thy Hair which ſo beguil'd the Female Kind,
Has Thee *deceiv'd*. The *Curled Fetters* bind
My *Living Image* to the *Royal Oak*,
Unable to Reſiſt, or ward the Stroke.
The Shafts that pierce thy *Body*, wound my *Soul*;
My Grief begins where thine has reach'd the *Goal*.
If *Joab* would a real Kindneſs ſhew,
He'd ſlay the *Father*, as the Son he ſlew.
What is my Kingdom, Life, and Victory?
'Tis all but Loſs, when gain'd by looſing Thee.

For thee I wiſh thy Deſtiny my Own,
For thee my *worſt*, my beſt beloved Son.
Oh might I but Capitulate with Death!
Might I but reinfuſe thy abſent Breath,
I'de think no Ranſome for thy Life too dear;
I'de be thy Slave, if thou could'ſt Domineer.
Let Fate henceforth the Edge of Battle ruin;
Let *Iſrael* rejoyce; let *Judah* mourn,
I would reſign my Laurel to thy Brow,
Wiſhing thou wert the ſame, that I am now:
Depos'd I'de *Triumph* in my low Degree,
And think my Chain a *badge* of Liberty.
Vain is my Wiſh, I here am left alone,
My Life for ever, and thy End to moan.
Some hidden Rancour lurkt in *Joab's* Breaſt,
The late Affront was not as yet ſuppreſt.
Thus being over-ſway'd by ſome Diſguſt,
He, *mindful* of Revenge, forgets his Truſt.
But I'le *forget* Revenge. Baſe *Joab*, know
I ſpare the Life which you to Vengeance owe.
You Kill'd a Rebel; yet, at my Command,
You from a Rebel ſhould withdraw your Hand.
The Guilt you puniſht then return'd on you;
By Diſobedience you a *Rebel* grew.

Think

Think not they cannot Err, who Conqueſt bring;
Conqueſt deſtroying the Victorious King.
A Traytor could but do as you have done;
You ſtab'd my Perſon, when you ſlew my Son.
If other Sorrows, Time allays the ſmart;
But this is too far rooted in my Heart.
The only Balm to heal this Malady
Is the *Dark entrance* of Eternity.
Till then Farewel my Son, my Deareſt Son!
Farewel till then my Deareſt *Abſalon*.
Thus he continued; till of Means bereſt,
He left not ſpeaking, but of Speech was left.
Sighs for a time expreſs'd his doubtful Cares;
And then Enſu'd an *Epilogue* of Tears.
Unhappy *David*, who Succeſs laments;
And where Repentance is a Crime, Repents.
Inſtead of Thanks to Heav'n for Ills remov'd,
He grieves that Prayers ſo effectual prov'd,
As to remove them. Were it not too late,
He'd ſeek his Own, and not his Foes Defeat.
No *Mimick* Phrenſy, no diſguiſed Wit,
Its Power ſhews to feign the want of it;
In ſeeing *David*, now Men truly ſee,
What before *Achiſh* he but ſeem'd to be.

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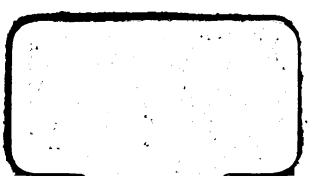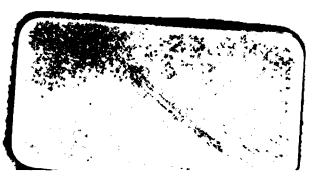
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